

IND.

SIR!

CURSE OF MEN WITH HORNS

A MAGAZINE FOR MALES



the VAMPIRE WOMEN of TSU-TSU-KAN

SEE PAGE 40



TO MEN PAST 40

**Who are Troubled with
Getting up Nights, Pains in the
Back, Hips and Legs, Ner-
vousness- Tiredness,
Loss of Physical Vigor**

The Cause may be

Glandular Inflammation

Men as they grow older too often become negligent and take for granted unusual aches and pains. They mistakenly think that these indications of Ill Health are the USUAL signs of older age.

This negligence can prove tragic resulting in a condition where expensive and painful surgery is the only chance.

If you, a relative or a friend have the symptoms of Ill Health indicated above the trouble may be due to Glandular INFLAMMATION.

GLANDULAR INFLAMMATION very commonly occurs in men of middle age or past and is accompanied by such physical changes as Frequent Lapses of Memory, Early Graying of the Hair and Excess Increase in weight... signs that the Glands are not functioning properly.

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The non-surgical treatments of Glandular Inflammation and other diseases of older men afforded at the Excelsior Institute have been the result of over 20 years

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The Excelsior Institute is an institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of diseases of men of advancing years. If you were to visit here you would find men of all walks of life. Here for one purpose—improving their health, finding new zest in life and adding years of happiness to their lives.

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SIR!

A MAGAZINE
FOR MALES

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KILL THESE HAIR-DESTROYING GERMS

MOROCOCCUS

STAPHYLOCOCCUS
ALBUS

WITH WARD'S FORMULA

PITYROSPORUM
OVALE

MICROBACILLUS

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Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but **all four** types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

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Address
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DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

SCALP ITCH
FALLING
HAIR

DANDRUFF

HEAD
ODORS

Proof!

We got letters like these every day from grateful men and women all over the world.

I must admit I didn't have much faith in it, but I hadn't been using Ward's one week before I could see it was helping me. I could feel my hair getting thicker.

E. K., Cleveland, Ohio
Out of all the Hair Experts I went to, I've gotten the most help from one bottle of Ward's Formula.
C. La M., Philadelphia, Pa.

After using Ward's for only 12 days, my hair has stopped falling out.

R. W. C., Cicero, Ill.
I am tickled to death with the results. In just two weeks' time no dandruff! W. T. W., Portola, Cal.
I feel encouraged to say that the infuriating scalp itch which has bothered me for 5 years is now gone.
J. M. K., Columbus, Ohio

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This written guarantee entitles you not only to return of price paid for Ward's Formula, but **Double Your Money Back** unless you actually SEE, FEEL, and ENJOY all benefits herein claimed in only ten days. The test is at our risk. All you do is return unused portion or the empty bottle unless completely satisfied.

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THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT

There are at least ten thousand persons in the United States today who suffer from the affliction that made George Jorgenson alter his sex!

Christine



The famed Dr. Hamburger of Copenhagen performed the operation that transformed George to Christine.

By DR. ALBERT A. BRANDT

Editor's Note:

The strange case of George-Christine Jorgensen which shocked the nation was no surprise to *SIR!* readers. In our June, 1951, issue we ran an article by L. MacKay Phelps entitled "Men Can Have Babies" which described ten cases similar to that of Christine Jorgensen. In our February, 1953 issue, we ran the case of the German artist Einar Wegener who became Lillian Wegener. This article, also by L. MacKay Phelps, was called "The Man Who Died In Childbirth." The article which follows, by Dr. Albert A. Brandt, is the latest in our series to keep *SIR!* readers informed on all the latest medical developments—and to let them be **FIRST** to know the inside story.

WHEN early last December, the news broke in the nation's press that a 26-year-old Bronx ex-GI had been transformed from a man into a woman through a prolonged course of hormone treatments and surgery at a Danish hospital, two facts instantly became apparent to thoughtful persons.

One was the almost morbid interest in the case evinced by millions of people—an interest which was presumably due to the relative rarity with which such transformations are publicized and consequently the unusual nature of the story.

The other was the total ignorance of the general public concerning such treatments—amounting in some instances to a snap-judgment denial that they are even possible.

Both facts emphasize in a striking way a strange phenomenon of our society; our "taboo attitude" toward the basic mysteries of life and procreation itself. In an age of H-bombs and cosmotrons, with space-flight just around the corner, too many of us approach the marvelous and intricate mechanisms of our own bodies—some of them admittedly awry through errors of Nature—as subjects to avoid or subjects for avid sensationalism.

Both approaches are wrong. There is nothing shameful in the processes of sex determination, and George W. Jorgensen Jr. deserves only the highest commendation for undertaking the course of treatment which transformed him into the woman Christine Jorgensen and incidentally averted a possible "... horrible illness of the mind." Because of these facts, therefore, this article will attempt to present the true facts in this case, and also correct many misconceptions that are all too prevalent today in the public mind.

The superficial facts about George-Christine Jorgensen may be stated simply enough. Apparently a normal boy, he noticed nothing unusual in his sexual makeup until attaining the age of puberty, when certain doubts began to arise.

These doubts, expressed in the individual's own words in a letter to his parents after the transformation was assured of success—a letter signed "Christine," incidentally—are repeated here:

"Sometimes," wrote Christine from Denmark on June 8, 1952, "a child is born and to all outward appearances seems to be of a certain sex. During childhood nothing is noticed, but at the time of puberty, where the sex hormones come into action the chemistry of the body seems to take an opposite turn and



Lower left is a photo of George when he was attending photography school in New York. After the surgery, George, now Christine, carries a net bag as she goes shopping in Copenhagen upper left. An attractive closeup of Christine is shown,



Not long after the remarkable transformation, Christine is shown posing prettily for a battery of press photographers in Denmark.

THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT *Christine*

chemically the child is not of the supposed sex, but rather of the opposite sex . . ."

As time went on, George apparently experienced increasing psychological torment as the realization grew that his basic impulses were feminine. He may have feared that he was homosexual. To some extent, at least, he evinced a disinterest in the rough-and-tumble activities of boys, preferring reading to sports. His high-school record was excellent; he was considered a quiet, studious boy of excellent mentality. He was involved in no trouble whatsoever—aside from the torture in his own mind, which he concealed from everyone.

In 1944, George was drafted into the Army and was sent to Fort Dix, where he served two years, receiving an honorable discharge. In appearance, he was a slim young man of rather delicate bone structure, with fine, wavy blonde hair.

He had kept his secret well. None of his fellow soldiers had noted the basic femininity of his psychological drives. Yet, as the letter shows, he knew beyond doubt that the life of a man " . . . would always be foreign . . ." to him, and he had been working "right from the beginning" toward his "release . . ."

Realizing that malfunctioning of his glands was at the root of his trouble, George spent sixteen months at the New York Medical Technicians Institute. While



With an unidentified male friend, she is pictured at a public function which she recently attended.

on a visit to California, he learned of amazing successes in sex transformation that had been achieved in Denmark, and subsequently went to Copenhagen, where he presented his problem to the famed Dr. Hamburger of the Serum Institute of that city.

Dr. Hamburger was very cooperative, performing the long series of treatments—involving close to 2,000 administrations of hormones and seven operations—without charge. On his part, George proved an ideal patient; as he writes, "Dr. Hamburger was very willing to undertake my case because he doesn't have the chance very often of securing a patient who could give such complete cooperation as I could. This co-operation meant months of daily tests and examinations . . ."

Throughout the gradual transformation from George to Christine, George kept his parents in ignorance of what was going on. Ostensibly he was studying color photography, which accounted for his prolonged absence from home—a matter of more than two years. In fact, George-Christine proved an adept photographer, winning prizes in various competitions and turning out a film on Denmark which won high critical praise.

As the feminine characteristics became more pronounced while the masculine ones receded, Christine adopted feminine identity entirely, discarding male attire for female, including dresses she made herself. Through the cooperation of U. S. Ambassador to Denmark, Dr. Eugene Andersen, the official records of the Army, Veterans Administration, and Bureau of Immigration were changed, giving her legal female identity.

There is even a possibility that she began to have dates as a girl as far back as the spring of 1952. According to one Air Force sergeant, he met her at that time in Copenhagen, at which time she was already a "good-looking blonde . . . the best-looking girl I've ever met overseas (with) . . . the best clothes, best features, and best body of any girl I ever met." He had no idea that Christine had not always been a girl.

The transformation largely complete, Christine sent her parents the letter from which we have already quoted, enclosing pictures of herself as a shapely blonde girl. "I have changed, changed very much, as

my photos will show," she wrote, "but I want you to know that I am extremely happy and that the real me, not the physical me, has not changed. Nature made the mistake which I have had corrected and now I am your daughter . . ."

When the story broke in the nation's press, Christine was swamped by offers to appear in night clubs, on the stage, as a fashion model, and so on. These she turned down, asserting that she wished to pursue her profession of photography and work behind the camera and not in front of it. Obviously the tremendous publicity upset her, for she commented that she was afraid of being labeled as "the man who became a woman. . . ."

"It is ridiculous," she added, "that people pay such curious attention to a thing that seems natural to me. Many people have deformed legs and arms but nobody disturbs their privacy. Nature deformed me in another way. I was treated, and yet people gape."

MEDICAL science classifies the George who became Christine as a pseudo-hermaphrodite. True hermaphrodites—persons possessing the complete sexual systems of both male and female—are an extreme medical rarity. Incidentally the word hermaphrodite represents a composite of the names of the Greek divinities Hermes and Aphrodite, who in Greek mythology are supposed to have been the father and mother respectively of a completely bi-sexual child. The name of this child was Hermaphroditus.

Pseudo-hermaphrodites are much more common, it having been estimated that there are at least 10,000 in the United States today. At the time the George-Christine story became public, it was reported that at least ten persons were undergoing treatment for the correction of pseudo-hermaphroditism in a single New York City hospital, for example. The reason such cases do not appear more often in the public press is probably due to the frequent success with which the facts are kept private.

Only a few months ago, however, the case of a Scottish pseudo-hermaphrodite who gradually turned from a woman into a man—the reversal of what happened in the case of George-Christine—and apparently with-

(Continued on page 64)



The 26-year-old ex-GI is now a complete woman. She hopes to marry but won't be able to have children.



Above, Christine enjoys polishing her shoes. Her interests and mannerisms are unaffected, feminine.

ARE Sex GLANDS RELATED to LONGEVITY?

By ARTHUR EVERETT SCOTT

ONE of history's more famous men who also possessed a real zest for living was the French archaeologist Count Jean Frederic de Waldeck. His enthusiasm was so great and unbounded that it led him into many widely divergent fields; at various times he was a soldier, sailor, painter, explorer, and revolutionary fighter.

Nor did he neglect romance. At the age of eighty-four, this remarkable man took unto himself a bride of seventeen, and sired a son by her. At the age of one hundred, he published a book on archaeology. Up until almost the moment of his death at 109, his interest in the fair sex was intense, and his flattery of women a subject of jealous admiration among his friends.

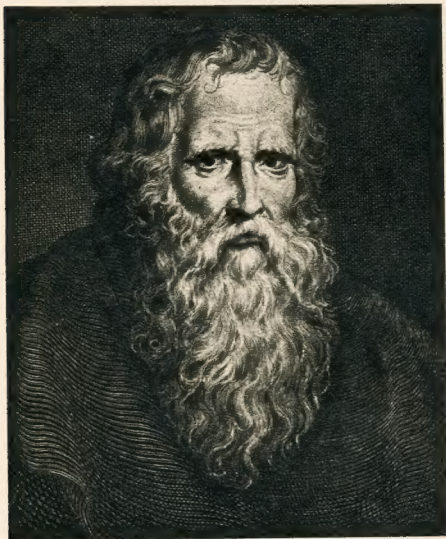
De Waldeck seems to have been a man of unusual virility—both physical and mental. Unusual, that is, by comparison with the so-called average. His glands,

for example, retained their youthfulness to an age at which most of us are dead and by far the majority of the remainder are doddering, senile creatures—"sans everything," in the words of Shakespeare.

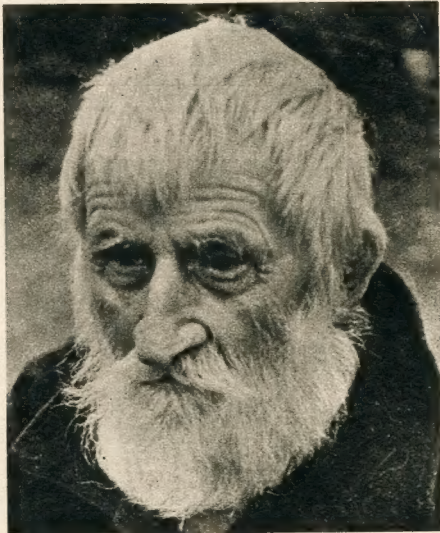
To what extent—if any—do the sex glands influence longevity, either promoting it if they are healthy and functioning properly or tending to shorten life if they are diseased and malfunctioning or non-functioning? Is there a connection between a high degree of healthy sexuality and long life, plus the retainment of overall vigor to an advanced age?

Before we attempt to investigate these questions, let us consider some instances of extraordinarily long-lived persons whose records are authenticated beyond doubt.

There is a well-known adage to the effect that "A man is as old as he feels." One of the most celebrated examples of recent times was the Turk Zaro Agha, who toured this country a few years ago and married his eleventh wife when he was 153 years old. He certainly did not feel or act old, and he lived to the age of 160.



Thomas Parr's second wife (in her twenties), "did not notice his real age"—which was 122 years!



Yekup Shoua is the oldest man in Russia—he's 157. He takes a daily hike of two miles up the mountain.

Turk Zaro Agha married his eleventh wife when he was 153; the Pundit Mahangee took his fourth wife at 160. What is the reason for such long-lived virility? Science thinks it has the answer



Dr. A. S. Bogomolets of Russia discovered life-prolonging serum.



Zaro Agha plays guitar while Princess Wahletka dances. He toured America a few years ago, married his 11th wife at 153, died at 160.

Two years ago, near Bombay, India, a man named Kashinath—then 128 years old—married his fourth wife. In Georgetown, British Guiana, Pundit Mahangee recently celebrated his 160th birthday by marrying his third wife.

In Quebec, Canada, authorities carefully investigated the case of Pierre Joubert, and found that at the age of 113 he was still completely potent. He lived to be 121.

Not so long ago the London newspapers reported the deaths of two extraordinarily old men. One, a Chinese named Li-Chung Yun, was widely renowned as "the oldest man on earth." He died at the age of 253, outliving 26 wives but survived by a widow of only 64. He attributed his great longevity to the "cultivation of peace of mind and a happy love-life."

The other was Senor Jose Pacifico, a Brazilian landowner, who died at 139. The autopsy revealed no discernible cause of death, and his demise was attributed solely to grief subsequent to the demise of his eleventh wife a few months previously.

The famous Scandinavian super-centenarian Christian Jacob Drackenbergh—who was known as the "Ancient Man of the North"—married at 111 and lived to be 149. In the last year of his life, he still walked four miles each day with ease.

At the age of 102, the French physician P. Defournel married a girl of twenty-six. She bore him several children, and he lived to the age of one hundred and nineteen. Perhaps still living is a Russian peasant named Shapkovsky, who at the age of 116 sired a daughter. At last reports, he was 140 years old.

PERHAPS the most famous example of vigorous longevity was the Englishman Thomas Parr, who lived through the reigns of nine kings and finally died from excessive eating and drinking at the Royal Court, where he was entertained as a sort of freak. According to the great biologist C. W. Hufeland, Parr was "so energetic"—following his marriage at the age of 122 to his second wife, a woman in her early

(Continued on page 78.)

SIR! *Saves a man from the electric chair*

By MILTON KELLY

Editor's Note: Reed Leroy Hatton, the young man this story is about, was for five years only eighteen steps from the electric chair at Florida State Prison. The only thing that stood between him and the electric chair was Governor Fuller Warren's signature on his death warrant.

SIR! Magazine, in its June, 1950 issue, published an exclusive interview with Hatton, casting a new light on the character of the youthful murderer. Gov. Warren, upon reading the almost incredible story, ordered that Hatton be taken from his death house cell and be given a complete mental examination. A board of Florida State hospital physicians immediately adjudged Hatton "medically insane," but "legally sane." A person cannot be executed in Florida if he is legally insane.

Regardless of the strange findings, the condemned youth was returned to his death house cell to await the governor's decision. On January of this year, just four days before Gov. Warren left office, he commuted the death sentence to life imprisonment. "It was the most unusual case of which I have knowledge," he commented.

Below is the story which originally appeared exclusively in SIR! Magazine—the story which prompted the governor to look into the strange case and which helped him make his momentous decision.

Now read for yourself and see if you would have reacted to SIR'S strange story the same way former Gov. Fuller Warren reacted.



Reed Leroy Hatton (right) telling his story to Milton Kelly (above). That story saved his life.

SIR! published "I Want Those 2,000 Volts" in the June, 1950, issue. As a result, Reed Leroy Hatton is alive today...

"I DON'T want to die. . . . It scares me when I think about dying—"

Reed Leroy Hatton, a mere boy of 20 was talking, and I was interviewing him in his death house cell at Florida State Prison.

" . . . I killed a man, yes, but I don't believe in capital punishment . . . I once thought I should die, and wanted to die for what I did . . . But now I don't . . . It scares me when I think about that electric chair and what it will do to me . . . I should never have killed him . . ."

The killing he spoke of was on Christmas Eve, 1947, at Immokalee, Florida and the man he killed was William Riley, 25, whom he had met



Ex-Gov. Warren of Fla. read SIR's story, commuted sentence.



This dramatic photo was snapped as Hatton showed SIR's reporter Milton Kelly just how he was going to die in the electric chair.

two days before. Hatton and the murdered man had been drinking, testimony at the trial brought out. Those were the cold facts, but looking at this boy who had murdered I saw something else. He admitted the murder—it was something he's done, but it was something unreal that he couldn't quite make himself understand. I had heard that he had twice been in insane asylums. Perhaps that explained what he couldn't understand in himself.

I had talked with this youthful murderer before, but during my first visit with him he seemed more relaxed—like everything was going to work out beautifully. Then, he had talked as though death in the electric chair weren't possible—that all this was part of a dream and that soon he would awaken. But now, with no appeals

remaining for him and only the unsigned death warrant delaying the execution, he seemed to understand there was no escape. He had once written a letter from the death house to Florida's Governor Fuller Warren, asking that his death sentence not be commuted to life imprisonment. He pleaded that his death warrant be signed because, he said, people just naturally took a hate toward him, and ended his letter by writing: "All my life has been unrest, now I want it to be rest." He changed his mind a week or so later, saying that he got scared when he thought about dying.

" . . . But I admit I was wrong . . . When I'm wrong I'm the first to admit it . . . I should never have killed him . . . I should never have taken that liking for guns and all

(Continued on page 70)

THE Ebbeminate KILLERS



The torero must be a perfect judge of distance, as bull passes so close man could be gored to death.

By CARLOS VERRERA

ONE of the greatest bullfighters in the world is a man I can identify here only by the pseudonym Juan.

This is not his real name. The reason I cannot give his real name is because he is a homosexual.

That a homosexual can also be a star *matador*, with a record of hundreds of bulls slain with consummate skill, daring, and sheer physical strength, may come as a surprise and shock to many. Yet I know that this is the case.

I have seen Juan pit himself



Bullfighting is not for sissies—it is one of the most dangerous sports known to "civilized" peoples.

Are bullfighters homosexuals? The truth will shock you

against *el toro* in the bull-rings of Spain, Portugal, and Latin America. His slim, graceful figure—with muscles like steel springs and hair-trigger reflexes—is surely the embodiment of masculinity. In his colorful, richly-embroidered garb, with his gleaming sword and scarlet cape, he is the darling of the *senoritas* crowding the tiers of seats high above the blood-soaked sand. Wherever he appears, women pursue him avidly.

However, he will have nothing to do with them. With a polite smile on his hawk-thin face, a hint of amusement in his glittering hawk's eyes, he suavely evades their ad-



Maddened bull gored this matador in the thigh, then tossed him into the air. Stick (right) of attendant is driving him away.



At least one man is usually gored during a bullfight; sooner or later every fighter is injured; if they escape death, they're lucky.

vances. He has been doing it successfully for years.

Juan is not the only matador who is a homosexual. Quite a few are victims of this inversion, as any regular follower of bullfights knows. Nor is homosexuality limited to matadors; in the ranks of the masculine "twilight sex" are to be found *picadors*, *banderilleros*, *toreros* and *capas*—in fact, all the various occupations connected with one of the most spectacular and dangerous sports in the world.

Why are homosexuals like Juan (and others I could name) drawn by a strange fascination to the bull ring? Bullfighting—for all participants—is a far more dangerous sport than most Americans realize, not by any means what would be called a "sissy" pastime.

I have seldom witnessed an afternoon or evening of bullfighting, for example, in which fewer than three or four horses were gored to death. Generally at least one man is gored severely, while all of them are injured sooner or later. If they escape being crippled or killed, they consider themselves lucky.

Juan himself has not escaped unscathed. He has been gored by bulls and trampled by horses—not once but several times. He has a livid scar on his breastbone where a needle-sharp horn miraculously missed disemboweling him on one occasion, similar circatrices on his shoulders, back, legs, and thighs, and a torn muscle in his left arm that did not heal properly and that gives him severe pain in muggy weather.

(Continued on page 76)

WHEN WILL *Stalin's* HATCHET MAN STRIKE AGAIN?



Stalin saw to it that Jacson was well-treated during jail sentence.

The man who murdered Trotsky with a pickaxe is on the loose again . . .



Jacson gets head wounds treated following his assassination of Trotsky. Several of Trotsky's followers gave him pistol-whipping.

By VASSILY STEPANOV

A TALL, brooding and mysterious man, "Frank Jacson-Mornard," as he is known to the Mexican police, soon will be released from Mexico City's Juarez jail where he has served more than 12 years of a 20-year sentence for the murder of Leon Trotsky, the exiled Communist leader.

Whether the prisoner will sink into oblivion and be forgotten or whether he will be assigned to other tasks by his masters behind the Iron Curtain is a moot question.

One thing is virtually certain. He will not be seen again in Montreal or New York, the places in which he made temporary stops while completing the preliminary details of a plan he finished when he sank a short-handled pickaxe into Trotsky's skull.

Yet, were it not for a Canadian passport, issued to one Tony Babich, a Canadian of Yugoslav extraction, in March, 1937, "Frank Jacson" might have been unable to complete his macabre mission.

On a sunny afternoon of August 20, 1940, Leon Trotsky, former "Napoleon of Bolshevism," exiled Soviet Russian leader and arch-enemy of Joseph Stalin, was feeding his rabbits in the garden of the well-



Mexican police officer shows pickaxe Jacson used on Trotsky.



Trotsky died day after the attack, ending his 22-year feud with Stalin; feud began when Trotsky accused Joe of poisoning Lenin.

guarded Trotsky residence on the Calle Viena, outside Mexico City.

A tall, grimly handsome young man rang the bell of the Trotsky house. Gray-haired Mrs. Nathalie Trotsky answered the bell. She recognized the caller as "Frank Jacson," an acquaintance of Sylvia Ageloff, a younger sister of Ruth Ageloff, a member of the Trotsky household. He had visited the Trotsky home earlier in August of 1940.

Mrs. Trotsky peered into his face. He was pale and seemed to be very nervous. Also, he carried a bundled raincoat under one arm.

"May I see Comrade Trotsky?" asked the visitor.

"I have the manuscript of an article on political affairs that I would like him to see before publication," he added.

"Why are you carrying a raincoat in this sunshine?" asked Mrs. Trotsky.

"It's going to rain soon," he answered, a bit testily. "I'm late, may I see him now?"

She gestured toward the garden, where Trotsky was holding one of the rabbits.

The veteran Communist leader,
(Continued on page 61)



Frank Jacson (head bandaged) re-enacts pickaxe attack on Trotsky for Mexican police; scene took place in Trotsky's Mexico fortress-home.



Even though eunuchs are no longer needed to guard harems, various other uses have been found for them.

By L. MACKAY PHELPS

ANYONE familiar with that famous Eastern classic the "Arabian Nights Entertainments" or the "One Thousand and One Nights"—has at least a vague mental picture of the strange class of mutilated males known as eunuchs.

Since many different types of eunuchs are portrayed, the picture is a kaleidoscope—gigantic, muscular sexless males armed with razor-sharp scimitars who guarded the fair inmates of powerful sultans' harems; crafty viziers or court advisors to Oriental potentates; effeminate boys with high-pitched voices languidly waving huge fans at luxurious banquets; docile human "oxen" condemned to a life of heavy toil as spiritless slaves.

These images are commonplace to any well-read person. What is not generally known is that eunuchs—males who have been castrated in more or less degree in accordance with the work or duties planned for them—are numerous in many areas of the East, Africa, and the Orient today.

In modern medical usage, a eunuch is technically a man (or woman) who has, voluntarily or otherwise, undergone surgery which has effected permanent impairment of the sexual powers.

STRANGE *Love Life* OF EUNUCHS



The man who has become a eunuch will not keep his physique very long; will get fat, lose much energy.



Eunuchs still guard China's Forbidden City of Peiking.

The world's most hideous crime is still being deliberately perpetrated in parts of the world today

Among humans as well as among the lower vertebrates, the effects of castration vary considerably. The factors involved include the individual's age, the completeness of extirpation, and general health or metabolism. Parallel effects are often noted in cases of uncastrated individuals suffering from endocrine disturbances or mechanical malfunctionings, such as failure of the testicles to descend.

If castration is performed prior to puberty, the male secondary sex characteristics fail to develop. There is no development of a beard or body hair, while the voice retains its high pitch. Generally, the physical makeup remains infantile.

When adult males are castrated, however, the secondary sex characteristics—such as body hair—are retained. Nor is libido immediately lost, although it wanes gradually and is usually non-existent after about eighteen months. Outwardly, however, the appearance of masculinity is retained, as are masculine attitudes of mind—a basic



Old guard Chinese feel it is an honor to be made a eunuch; not even the Communists have been able to change their ideas on the subject.

reason for the strong resentment in many men who were castrated in adulthood.

AUTHORITIES agree that the practice of creating human eunuchs is a violation of one of man's most basic rights and that the practice should be exterminated. Though the custom is most prevalent in Moslem countries, it was specifically condemned by the founder of Moslemism himself, the Prophet Mohammed. This condemnation occurred when a follower of the Prophet—one Uthman Ibn Mazun—asked permission to have the operation performed in order that he might be free of temptation. Mohammed replied sternly:

"He who castrates himself or another does not belong among my followers. Let him who cannot marry betake himself to fasting. This will be for him like castration."

A similar ruling was made by Pope Clement XVI, who forbade the use of male castrates in the world-famous Sistine Choir, after

which choirs of boys became commonplace. Musical history records, however, that many great male singers with voices of high range have actually been castrates.

The importance of eunuchism—whether deliberately imposed or the result of glandular unbalances—as well as its manifold variations and ramifications, has only begun to be understood with recent advances in the relatively new science of endocrinology. The study of eunuchs provides many clues to the differences between male and female characteristics and behavior, and sometimes leads to efficacious corrective treatment for deficiencies or abnormalities.

Eunuchs—like oxen which are castrated bulls—are generally thought of as physically powerful but docile and stupid. This is often untrue.

Many famous warriors, statesmen, and scholars were eunuchs. A partial list includes Marseus, the extremely competent and daring

(Continued on page 80)

San Juan

SIN TRAP of the CARIBBEAN

By LEE CAREY



Near the historical Fortaleza is "old San Juan."
If you enter here, be sure you are well-armed.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

This is the first of a series of articles written by winners in SIR's big Writer's Contest. Articles written by the other winners will appear in subsequent issues.

Mr. Carey has made his home in San Juan for many years, and has investigated all the places mentioned in this article personally.



Headquarters for prostitution is in Old San Juan section; above, one of the many streetwalkers' cells.

If you're planning on visiting San Juan, read this article—it will save you money, may save your life



The average tourist will be okay in better-class clubs like this one—but watch out for the dives.



If you bet on a cockfight, raise your hand. Latin gentleman will pay off—be prepared to do same.

THE swashbuckling, free-spending Caribbean pirates first tasted her sultry young charms and taught her in her youth that love-hungry sea-rovers offer an enterprising lady a chance to pick up a fast doubloon.

Now three hundred years later, San Juan, the tropical strumpet, is wiser, more versed in the varieties of vice—and still willing and able to offer companionship and a brief good time to all who visit the shores.

The tourist and the serviceman have replaced the corsairs and the buccaneers, the Yankee dollar has ousted the Spanish pieces of eight, but still in this sin center of the Caribe—"You pays your money and you takes your choice."

There's gambling, both legal and bootleg, from the swank casinos in the plush hotels to the tiny "bolita" games, or private lotteries run on street corners. There's the organized and legal lottery giving away a weekly first prize of \$60,000; there's the kick and the high bounce of the blood-spattered cockfights; and legal parimutuel systems at the tracks for betting on the bangtails.

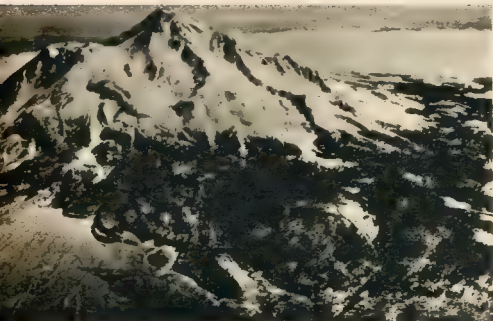
(Continued on page 73)



No one can explain the origin of the mysterious hieroglyphics which are carved on walls, extending hundreds of feet, in N. California.

the GREAT SHASTA mystery

By LEROY THORPE



Strange green lights keep flickering on and off from the top of the strangely forbidding Mt. Shasta.

IN many areas of California a strange legend persists that keeps cropping up in the news from time to time.

This legend asserts that colonies of *Lemurians*—descendants of the world's oldest and greatest civilization—dwell to this day in almost inaccessible mountain valleys and on the slopes of towering peaks themselves.

In many towns and villages, shopkeepers and others will swear that they have seen and talked with the Lemurians—a tall, patrician, fair-skinned and fair-haired race who pay occasional visits to "civilization" for purposes of trade, but who otherwise have nothing to do with the Californians.

The Lemurians—so say the rumors—give every impression of being a superior people, possessed of seemingly supernatural powers such as mental telepathy of a high order. Persons who have "talked" with



A strange race of people live on top of California's Mount Shasta. They keep aggressors away by using weird powers of mental telepathy

The hieroglyphics on California's Klamath Falls Basin are of incredible antiquity; scientists believe they pre-date Great Flood.

them, for example, claim that the Lemurians may have spoken directly from mind to mind without employing oral communication.

Almost invariably the Lemurians paid for their purchases with gold dust or gold nuggets of a value far greater than the value of the merchandise. They appeared indifferent to the trade value of the yellow metal, indicating that they possessed it in unlimited quantities or were perhaps able to create it at will by transmuting baser elements.

Attempts to follow them always failed, for they seemingly "vanished into thin air." On some occasions, automobilists who persisted in following them found that the ignition of their vehicles unaccountably failed, to resume functioning again only after pursuit was abandoned. Mechanical tests after such experiences invariably

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Some authorities think the Lemurians are an off-shoot of ancient Egyptians because markings are so similar to Egyptian hieroglyphics.

THE CON-MAN and the Millionairess



Trying to marry a beautiful gal with a heart of gold—and a bankroll to match—can be a devastating experience

By LARRY CARTER

I SHOULDN'T have listened to Spike in the first place. I knew his old man had peddled waste-paper bonds before getting a steady job making little rocks out of big ones. And I also knew that Spike was inclined to follow in his father's fingerprints.

But when I bumped into him that day in the lobby and he slapped me on the back and said, "Jerry, you Answer-to-a-Malden's-Prayer, how'd you like to marry a million dollars?" he caught me at a weak moment.

My monthly allowance was gone with the wind, all my negotiable assets were hanging in the hockshop window, and the only thing I had plenty of was nothing. That's my only excuse.

"What's on your mind? . . . If any," I asked, trying to sound like the mere mention of a million bucks hadn't done a thing to my blood pressure.

Spike took me up to his one-room suite and poured me a drink.

"Jerry, I've just been handed a hot tip," he said "Say the word and I'll have a certain well-known heiress chasing after you with a wedding ring."

"Ha!" I hawed. "Sounds as fishy as Friday's menu. If you had such a sure-fire tip, you'd grab her yourself."

"Heck, Jerry, I can't work miracles. This cookie's no moron. First thing—she'd look up my family tree. Next thing—she'd kick me out on my fanny. But you—you got what it takes. You're a boula-boula boy from Alma Mammy. You got manners. You come from a good family."

"Yeah, but I must have come a long way or I wouldn't be caught dead listening to a crooked crack-plot of yours."

"Easy, Jerry. This deal's a trifle shady maybe . . . but it's legit. And even if it don't pan out, all you're out is a little time."

Next to nothing, time was what I had most of.

WHAT'S in it for you?" I asked, my weak moment getting weaker.

"Heck, this is no time for details. I know you'll do right by me."

I made a last stand. "First—who is she? Some things you can take for a million bucks . . . some things you can't."

"Aaah! That's the best part of it," cried Spike, flashing a full set of teeth just like his father used to do when he handed you the pen. "It's SYBIL FORBES!"

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"When I walked in she leaped up into a dance and cried, 'You've made me the world's happiest woman!'"

WE WENT CORMORANT *Fishing*

By BERKLEY D. ACHENBACH

Photographs by KENNETH C. ZOELLNER

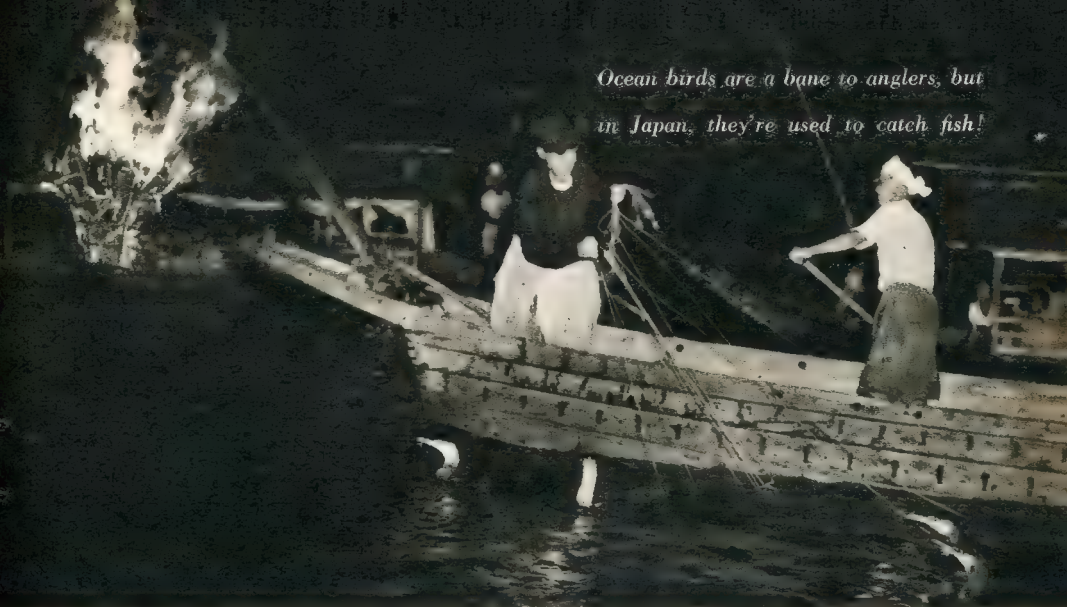
ARMED with camera, pencil and pad and many embryonic questions in our minds, we left the ship in Nagoya Harbor and were on our way Cormorant fishing. Three hours, many chuck-holes and three aching posteriors later, we arrived at Gifu Village, scene of one of the weirdest commercial fishing spectacles which—we all agreed—we had ever beheld.

We drove on through the outskirts of the village toward the River Nagara. Through the inquiries of Kavuo Ichikawa, our Japanese driver, and by nudging our jeep through the maze of people on their way to the festivities, we attained our goal—dust laden

The fire burned out and the fishing completed, the birds await some of the fish they labored to catch.



The author stands holding a fish caught by cormorant. Five inches long, it looks like a smelt.



*Ocean birds are a bane to anglers, but
in Japan, they're used to catch fish!*

With deftness born of years of practise, the man in the bow handles lines which keep birds under control. Fire attracts the fish.

and up shaken a bit—but full of healthy curiosity.

Our knowledge of the techniques of Cormorant fishing at this stage of the expedition was very limited. We had heard, via the Japanese grapevine, various versions of the celebrated event. After consulting the dictionary we learned the Cormorant was: (1) A large greedy sea bird with a pouch under its beak. (2) A greedy person. In this case, we decided, the first definition was the more apropos.

After carefully considering all the facts at our disposal we were still confused. We had visions of birds flying around plucking fish from the water and drop-

ping them in conveniently placed receptacles, or of large birds with pelican type beaks scooping up their unsuspecting prey. But, as is true of most preconceptions, ours proved to be largely wrong.

Our immediate concern was to get a boat. We talked to several Japanese boatmen and with many gestures and their halting English they informed us that the fishing boats had already gone up the river. They start the journey in the afternoon and wait until nightfall to drift downstream with the current to begin fishing. This bottlenecked any

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The birds are placed in large wicker baskets after their chore is done. They are handled expertly.



The fish are cleaned and placed in small wooden boxes. In morning, they will be taken to market.





Younger men save their gold nuggets carefully; their first wife must be young, are therefore more expensive than the older ones.

Women do most of the work in Honduras, are not appreciated.

Wife-marketing takes place every three months. A man can buy as many women as he can afford; many wives is a sign of affluence.

WIFE TRADERS of the

*Even anthropologists are shocked by the brazen
"wife markets" conducted in the Honduras jungles*

By JOHN CHARR

NOWHERE in the world are wives held in such low esteem as among the jungle Negro-Indian tribes of Honduras, only a few hundred miles from the southern borders of the United States.

One of the strange customs of these Central American peoples is wife trading—men of each village being permitted to exchange wives at three-month intervals while inter-village exchange of wives also occurs four other times a year.

The village and inter-village "markets of wives" are so staggered that the native who has the wherewithal in either wives, gold nuggets, or gold, can acquire and dispose of eight different wives in the course of a single year, at regular intervals of about six weeks apart. Naturally, many natives have wives of whom they are genuinely fond, wives whom they do not swap or sell. Nevertheless, the custom of "staggered polygamy" is widespread among the interior jungle tribes, and represents a condition almost incredibly

backward on our own North American continent.

It was recently my privilege to visit some of these tribes, and observe the "markets of wives" as well as other strange customs first-hand. To begin with, I must first make it clear that the conditions I found in the mountainous jungles are not typical of Honduras as a whole. Most of the population of about one million souls is *Mestizo* or Spanish-Indian, and while among them promiscuity is still widespread, steady progress in education has led to an encouraging increase in permanent marriages.

This increased stability of the family unit still does not apply in the almost inaccessible regions of the interior and along the so-called "Mosquito Coast," where white men seldom venture. Close as they are to modern civilization, these areas remain among the least-explored on earth.

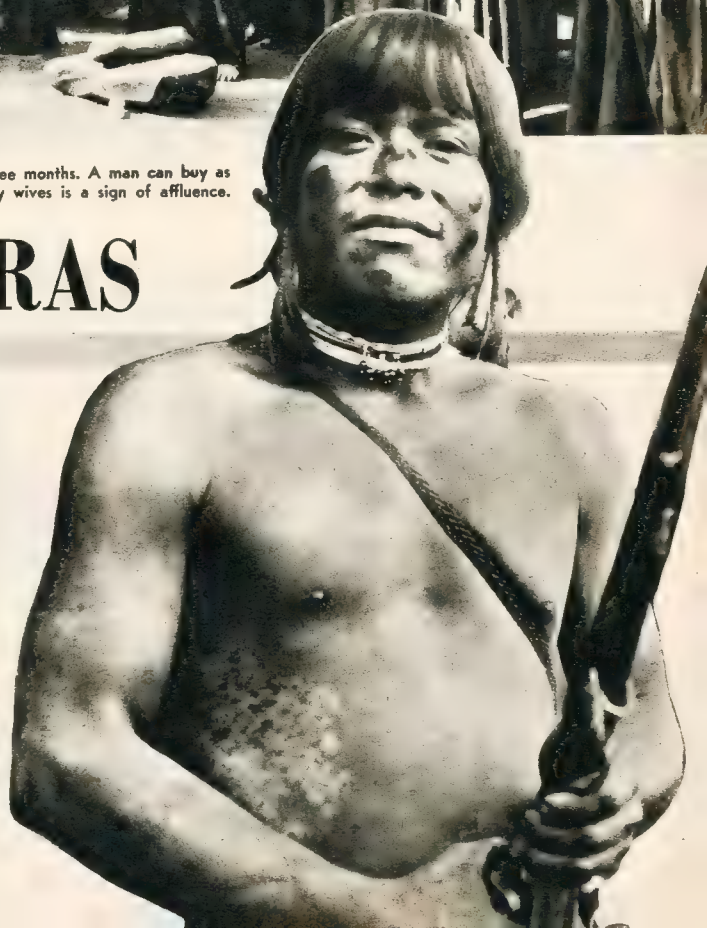
The Mosquito Coast doesn't get its name from mosquitoes, although they are plentiful. The name derives from the Misskito Indians, and is therefore a corruption. The natives, however, also call the region *La Mosquita*, due to the prevalence of the two-winged pests.

HONDURAS

We reached the Mosquito Coast by way of Brewers' Lagoon, a strip of water some two hundred miles in length that is separated from the Caribbean Sea by a long, sandy, palm-festooned strip of land. To make our way inland, we had to travel by canoe—and frequent portages—up the swift current and raging rapids of the Patuca River, which empties into the lagoon. It is a stiff, slogging journey, but it is the only way to reach the isolated tribes we wanted to visit—unless an expedition chooses to chop its way through the jungle, which is worse.

THE influx of Negro blood among these various tribes differs roughly with the distance from the coast. It has tended to improve the stock, the mixture being taller, stronger, and more intelligent than the original Indians.

In my notes I find that the Negro-Indian mixture among the
(Continued on page 51)



Your hair will rise from the scalp of your head

STRANGULATION

when you read the twist in this terrifying story

By AL CASSADY

DR. JOHN ROBINSON, thirty-two years old, graduate of the State Medical Center and highly respected here in this quiet little town just a short drive from the busy Center, thoughtfully folded his stethoscope, turned to look at Alec Benson. Then dropping his gaze to Mrs. Benson, he said, "I feel very sure that you can count on having twins. Of course more tests will be necessary, so I will expect to see you in my office Friday about two o'clock."

Dr. Robinson was trying hard to conceal his impa-

tience. "Well, goodnight to both of you and I'll see you Friday, Mrs. Benson."

He walked slowly down the walk, got into his car and headed for home. Maybe sleep was what he needed. No, he thought, I'm sure I will never be able to sleep again. At least, not until I've had a chance to talk this out with Uncle Les. Good old Les, he'll be sure to find some explanation, some reason. Maybe I'm tired, maybe I just imagined the whole thing.

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Dr. Robinson's blue coupe left the road just a mile from his uncle's house. That's where they found him, still pinned under the wreckage.

Broccoli



LINDA LOMBARD

"MISS SKIN BRACER" is what the Marines called luscious Linda Lombard when she visited Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. A singer who's made a big hit on TV, you might call her a tele-vision. Now 21, she stands 5' 3", weighs 110 lbs., and measures 36-23-35. When Linda sings "Embraceable You," ya gotta admit she makes it convincing!



Linda admits her biggest vice is being clothes crazy. She seems to do okay on her meagre budget!

That black satin creation is of her own design. She does more for the dress than it does for her.



Wanna know sumpin? Our gal likes to go ice skating. It's hard for her to find a rink that will stay frozen long enough, poor chile.



LINDA LOMBARD



Linda's got a big, bright future ahead of her. Her singing should net her a big-bucket income.

Even a tough-shelled customer like Mr. Turtle will come out for Linda. They seem to enjoy shell game.



"Look ahead, neighbor," is what Ike used to say. We agree with him, but we're glad Linda doesn't know. We'll look ahead, pally.

THE CURSE of the MEN with HORNS

Some humans are born with horns and shed them periodically. There are even cases of families who transmit horns generation after generation!

By WALTER REYNOLDS



A Frenchman named Lambert was completely covered with horns, as was his father and his grandfather.

IN the olden days people born with horns—or people who developed them in later years—were looked upon with fear. It was believed that the person possessing horns also had supernatural powers—that the poor wretch was, in fact, a disciple of Satan. Nobody knows the number of countless thousands of men and women who lived a life of horror doomed from the moment of their birth to a life of curses and mockery by their fellow men.

The tragedy is that *many* people are born with horns. One doctor estimates that one person out of every thousand comes into life with this deformity. There are even many instances on record of humans who shed their horns periodically, just as do certain mammals. More amazingly, there have been instances of families in whom horns were hereditary—transmitted from generation to generation!

Until fairly recently, reports of such persons—"monstrosities" and "abnormalities" as they were generally described—were quite frequent. Today, however, they reach public attention only rarely. If a horned child is born, the horn is often removed without the parents ever knowing of the fact. Horns that develop in later life are also treated with great success by competent medical men.

Before we go any further, let us emphasize that there is nothing disgraceful and little to be alarmed about in being born with horns or in developing them later. Horned people are not marked "by the Devil" and very efficient treatments have been developed in recent years.

Horns generally occur in persons who otherwise present no abnormalities. They may represent an attempt—in some instances, at least—by the body to dispose of excessive accumulations of *keratin*—which the gastric and pancreatic juices are unable to dissolve—and other insoluble mineral salts. These horns are in many respects indistinguishable from the horns of animals. They are of the same chemical structure (keratin, calcium phosphate and mineral salts). Often they contain a core of true bone. When burned, they give forth an odor identical with that of animal horn or hoof (hooves are also of horn). They are insensible to pain, and may be sawed off without giving the wearer any discomfort. Often, however, if they are struck or wrenched, pain will be felt in the skin and flesh adjacent to the base of the horn—which is also true of horned animals.

HORNE people are often exceptional. There is considerable evidence that persons possessing remarkable development of the infraorbital ridge of the maxillary bone—the bony structure above the eyes—are often gifted in such mental attributes as meditation (rumination) and imagination. Many horned persons possess such bone structures in the lower forehead.

In 1654, for example, the medical writer Johannes Rhodius wrote in considerable detail of a Benedictine monk who "had a pair of horns and was addicted to rumination." In 1741, the great German physician Dr. P. C. Fabricius reported the case of a father—who possessed horns—and his son—who had no horns; both of whom, however, were of exceptional intelligence. The son firmly believed that he had inherited the mentality—though not the horns—from his father, and



Famous statue of Moses has two horns growing out of his head—to "give him powers of clairvoyance."



Horns are insensible to pain and may easily be sawed off while not giving wearer any discomfort.

that his father would not have been so brilliant had he had lacked the horns.

Curiously enough, a tribe of "horned men" with heavy lower forehead bone structure was recently discovered in Central Africa, and created quite a sensation in anthropological circles. It was first reported that these people manufactured their horns by artificial means, as is common among some aboriginal tribes, particularly in connection with religious rites. But, according to the British physician and anthropologist Dr. J. Lamprey, who reported on this tribe in the *British Medical Journal* and elsewhere, the horns were hereditary, true horns, while the tribe had no other malformations and was singularly free from psychic disturbances.

Until fairly recent years, records on horned persons were published in the medical journals with considerable frequency. Thus in the *Medico-Chirurgiae Transactions* (London), Dr. E. Wilson reported on ninety cases, of which forty-four were female, thirty-nine were male, while the sex of the remaining seven was not noted.

In forty-eight of these cases—more than half—the horns were on the upper fore-skull, as occurs in normally horned mammals. But there was a considerable number of instances of misplacement; eight persons had horns on the face or nose, and the remainder

(Continued on page 56)

JUSTICE

Deferred

By HENRY J. EVANS

I'VE BEEN on the force for 22 years now, and I guess I've rubbed shoulders with as many murderers as the next guy. Most of them are as slimy as an eel, and when they step up to the gallows and swing, you don't exactly break into tears. But occasionally you run up against a guy who just hasn't had the breaks, a guy who doesn't deserve that last walk along death row, and because you're a human being as well as a cop, you curse the law and you lose a lot of sleep.

That's the way it was with young Rocky Tacon. If you were living in Toronto at the time, you'll probably remember his case. Rocky was just 23 years old when they sank him in a murderer's grave. Just a kid, and about as nice a kid as you'd find in the whole of the city. That's what I thought and that's what half of Toronto thought when his trial came up, but the jury and the law thought otherwise.

Rocky was crowding 21 when he volunteered for the Army. The recruiting office snapped him up, and within six months he was slugging it out in the mud, the slush, and the blood of Korea. A year later, they shipped him home again and discharged him with a couple of extras that he hadn't had when he left: a row of shiny new medals and a set of nicely shattered nerves.

Well, Rocky moped about the city for a while, then he went out and got himself a stock-keeper's job with Dexter's Hardware, down on Yogo. He was an only child, and being unmarried, he lived with his mother in a rambling old home on Rayner Avenue, just north of Rosedale. His mother wasn't what you'd call rich, but she was comfortable, if you get what I mean, and when the day came for her to pass on, the house and a tidy little nest-egg would go to Rocky. Rocky owned a late model car and he was stepping out with a nice girl who thought he was the only man in the world. In fact, Rocky Tacon had just about everything to live for—that is, until he started having nightmares.

The town would long remember the walking nightmare Rocky Tacon used to have

This time Rocky came in with two burly cops. His clothes weren't drenched with rain—they were splattered head to foot with blood.

IT WAS around 4 a.m. on a dirty grey Monday morning when I first laid eyes on Rocky. The sort of morning when a man can lean back and smile at the lashing rain and howling wind, and thank his lucky stars that he's not still pounding a beat. I had just drained my third coffee since 3:30 a.m. when the door burst open and he staggered in like a guy who'd been on a three day bender. His big muscular frame was shaking convulsively, pitifully, like the body of a child who's been licked for something he didn't do. His shock of blond hair was flattened by the rain and plastered untidily about his ears and forehead. He was without a coat and his brown suit hung shapelessly. He was obviously wet to the skin and his teeth were chattering so uncontrollably that he could hardly speak. I took one look and guided him into Inspector John Willoughby.

"He wants homicide, John," I said. "His nerves are pretty well shot; he keeps jabbering about nightmares and murders and a lot of other crazy things."

John pushed aside the report he had been writing and stretched his long legs beneath his battered desk. He motioned toward a chair. "Okay Mac," he said. "Take a seat and relax while we rustle you up a coffee. When you calm down a bit, we'll want to know what this is all about. We'll want to hear your story."

Well, Rocky gave us his story all right, and I think he gave it to us straight. It seems the kid had started having nightmares the week before, but not just ordinary nightmares like you and I. His were personal glimpses into the very bowels of hell. His were spine-tingling abortions of reality in which he was the star actor; in which he always climaxed the final scene by standing dazedly with a long bladed carver in his hand and a horribly mutilated body of a woman at his feet.

"I could stick that out okay," Rocky faltered. "A guy can't commit murder when he's asleep in bed. But this morning was differ-

(Continued on page 69)



the VAMPIRE

By HARRY MATTHEWS

IT is now over two years since I visited the blood-sucking inhabitants of Tsu-Tsu-Kan, and as I write this account, I still get sick in my stomach. I first heard of these weird people on January 8, 1945, while covering the war in Malaya for the American press. The rumor was spread about that some British troops had run afoul vampire tribes on islands in the Straits of Malacca between the Malayan mainland and Sumatra.

Having lived in this section of Asia for nearly fifteen years, I couldn't see any reason to take the rumor more seriously than the English authorities, who had discounted it. Then, three or four more reports of a like nature followed, but they, too, were disregarded, simply because there was no evidence.

It was not until June 23, 1950—long after the Japanese had been rooted out of the islands—while va-



Matriarch of vampire tribe is "amahla," who conducts hideous and bloody rites.

Photo by Ewing Galloway.

Though toughened by war, this newspaperman could barely stand the sickening experience of watching these weird island women drink human blood!

WOMEN of TSU-TSU-KAN

cationing several miles outside Kuala Lumpur with my friend, Spencer Kennedy, the anthropologist, that I began to take this notion of vampires seriously.

We were fishing in the Straits that hot summer afternoon when we saw a small boat drifting aimlessly in the water. It was of primitive construction, but not of the sort made by the natives in this area. The waves kept pushing the craft toward us, and as it neared, we noticed the crumpled form of a man lying in it. The boat finally reached to where both of us could wade out into the water and pull it in.

The man was a native—but not from these parts—and he was dead. His face was twisted in agony. We could see on his throat a jagged wound—as though he had been bitten.

Back on shore, Kennedy stroked his wet, blonde beard in the puzzlelement we both felt. He told me that in his anthropological field studies, he had come across head hunters, cannibals, and dog eaters—but never vampires. Yet, this corpse that lay before us certainly looked like a positive piece of evidence.

Kennedy, too, had heard rumors. He had picked them up from natives living along the Malayan coast. The most oft-mentioned of the group of islands in the Malacca Straits, where vampires were said to be living, was Tsu-Tsu-Kan. Kennedy told me he hadn't been able to take these rumors seriously, because the people living on these islands were Malaysians, who, unlike the Melanesians of Borneo, were not inclined to engage in bloody or cannibalistic rituals.

But now, both of us were itching to take a look at Tsu-Tsu-Kan. We gathered up a few provisions plus some brightly colored shirts and scarves which we would use as gifts for the natives. We did not bother to arm, because, as Kennedy said, it would only make the people on the island feel we were their enemies.

EARLY the next morning, we set out in Kennedy's motor boat across the channel. The sky was clear and the air had the piquant freshness it has over a body of



Victims are usually the strongest and bravest of enemy captives. After blood rites are over, bodies are put in boats, set out to sea.

water. Our destination was as far as Connecticut is from New York, and in a few hours, we arrived at Tsu-Tsu-Kan.

As we approached the island, a narrow strip of beach reached out toward us, indicating that the tide was high. The foliage was dense and green, and the air had become thick and muggy. We cut our motor, and all became a forbidding silence—the sort of silence that conceals lurking snakes and verminous insects.

From the way the shore curved, Tsu-Tsu-Kan couldn't have been more than two square miles in size. It would be a matter of minutes before we reached its heart. We found a path and followed it, and soon, we came upon a collection of bamboo huts with thatched roofs. It was obviously a village, probably the only one on the island.

We saw a group of men busily engaged in making arrows and sharpening hideous looking parang (Continued on page 58)

THE GHOST THAT



Napoleon's birth caused many prophetic dreams. Above, Dutch woman's vision, "Strong before death."

By THORP McCLUSKY

ON the night of August 16, 1769, Frederick the Great of Prussia—one of the most astute military leaders and uncannily accurate political forecasters of all time—had an amazing dream.

He saw a "bright star" descending from the heavens. Its glare was of such terrific brightness that he awoke with a start, believing that a meteor had fallen nearby and that its brilliance had blinded him permanently.

As he became aware of his surroundings, he realized that no meteor had fallen, but that he had experienced a "prophetic dream."

"A leader has been born," he declared afterward with great conviction, "who is destined to change the course of history."

Believers in supernatural omens were not amazed when they found that Frederick's dream had occurred on the same night that, in the little town of Ajaccio, Corsica, Napoleon Bonaparte was born, and at the "exact moment" of Napoleon's birth.

Napoleon's career—far more than that of most great men—was studded with events of seeming supernatural import, almost as though cosmic powers had singled him out for special attention. He believed firmly in his "lucky star" and often changed the plan of battle in mid-combat with a seeming recklessness that his generals termed insane and suicidal. But, so long as he followed this strange intuition, he was almost invariably right; only when he lost faith in it did his genius and his power begin to decline.

There are evidences that Napoleon himself—in addition to believing in his "lucky star"—also possessed the gift of precognition at various times. Among other things, he predicted a united Germany, the loss of

Napoleon's greatest successes were guided by supernatural forces. He failed only when he ignored this vital advice!



On advice of Red Ghost, Napoleon divorced Josephine and made Marie Louise his wife in rite above.

HAUNTED Napoleon



The emperor was warned by Red Ghost to make general peace in Europe. Napoleon's lust for power was too great. It destroyed him.

Spain's colonies, the rise of Balkan independent states, and the formation of the Austro-Hungarian coalition. On one occasion, while in an extremely meditative mood, he made no less than ten specific predictions to a very close friend of his, the famous actor Talma.

When Talma asked him if these predictions were based on factual reasoning, Napoleon answered frankly, "No, they are not. But most of my dreams and impulsive convictions come true, and I can never discount them entirely."

Talma carefully recorded all the things Napoleon had prophesied, and all of them have since come true.

IT was the appearances of the "Red Ghost of France"—several of which were viewed by other persons than Napoleon—that provides the most astounding evidence that occult forces of some sort were interested in France and its Emperor.

The "Red Ghost" has appeared many times, always at crucial moments in French history. One of the

most dramatic and best-documented occurred on the night of May 13, 1610. King Henry IV was then on the throne and, due to the troubled conditions of the times, had just announced his intention of taking personal command of the army.

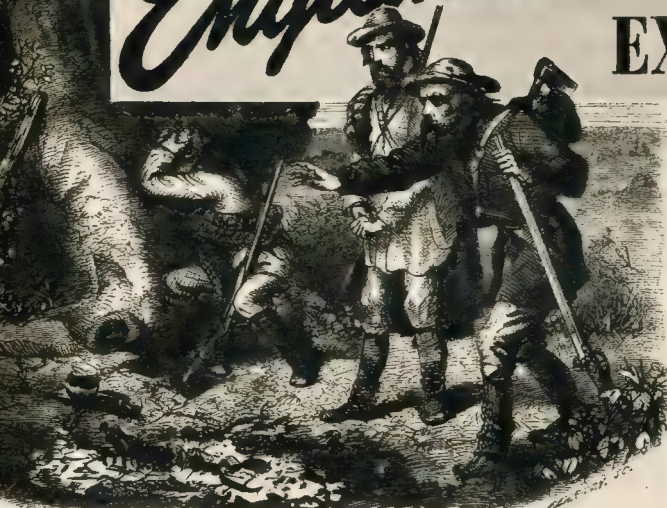
It was just before midnight when the King awoke from a troubled sleep, in which he had seemed to hear a "deep rumbling voice" extending a grave warning to him. The conviction that he had heard a real voice was so great that the King's body was covered with cold perspiration after he awoke.

He looked half-fearfully about the ornate bedroom, and to his astonishment saw the figure of the "Red Ghost" exactly as it had appeared to others. It was the apparition of a very tall man, of robust and commanding figure, attired in a long red cloak and wearing a full red beard. The room was as chilly as ice, though it was late spring.

The figure spoke in the rumbling voice it always

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England's MAN-EATING EXPLORERS



Captain Carver deserved the terrible punishment he received for his infamous practice of cannibalism . . .

By JEFFERSON WHITE

THE most shockingly brutal chapter in the history of the British Empire took place during the exploration of Australia in 1830-31. During that period, English explorers reached the depths of human degradation. They committed wholesale acts of cannibalism!

Few remember that it was Britain's pioneers who introduced the ghastly art of scalping to the North

The aborigines staged fierce raids and killed many of the explorers. Some bushmen got revenge by practicing cannibalism on the whites.



The explorers got smart later on, made friends with the natives and used them as servants; some natives were armed, used as soldiers.



Captain Carver wrote: "Simmons, our cook, refused to prepare the natives at first; later he was particularly adept at making a roast."

American Indians. Governors of the colonies had offered handsome bounties for the redmen's scalps. It wasn't surprising that the natives retaliated, but when they did, they were called barbarians for taking over this custom of "civilized" men.

Mass slayings of the aborigines by British settlers are well-known. It wasn't until recently, however, when a paper, written by one of the explorers of the down-under country, was discovered, that the horrible extremes to which the English went were learned!

The writings bore the name of Captain John Carver, who commanded the ship *Lavinia* that cruised up the Murrumbidgee and Murray Rivers during the early explorations of Australia. Carver was a courageous seaman. His crew were an able and hardy lot, and their explorations aided Britain immensely. But in 1830, Carver wrote, "We were stationed in Sydney Cove, waiting for the store ships to bring us food from England. My men were in a virtual state of starvation. There was nothing edible ashore nor in the bay. The fish were rotten, and the plant life was either poisonous or without nourishment. The only animals at hand were these creatures who looked half-men and half-monkeys."

This attitude was typical of British arrogance in those days. Carver was not even willing to concede that the natives were human! And strange as it may seem, this attitude still persists among many of Australia's citizens today.

"I was faced with mutiny," Carver continued, "and I knew what was on the minds of my men. They wanted to hunt a few 'apes' to keep from starving

to death. I didn't like the thought of cannibalism, but then, one couldn't call these strange creatures men, really.

"I finally consented to allow some of my crew to go to the mainland and bag some game. They captured and killed two. They then brought the carcasses back to the ship. Simmons, our cook, refused to prepare them. He said they were men. He kept staring at their faces. He turned to me and insisted that they had souls. I told him it was all nonsense what he was saying. I then ordered him to draw and quarter the carcasses and broil them with plenty of spice. When I warned him that he would face court-martial for disobeying orders, he complied.

"We ate the meat at dinner time, and it provided us with the first decent meal in weeks. Although it was somewhat tough, I must confess that I had never tasted an exotic delicacy quite like it."

This disgusting revelation is merely one among a number of many similarly bloody incidents that followed.

PERPETRATING murder of one sort or another, English explorers have practically exterminated the aborigines. When Captain James Cook came to the shores of Australia in 1769, there were 300,000 natives. Today, there are only 60,000. Slaughter was unrestrained until 1839, when the governor of New South Wales decreed that further killing of bushmen would be punished. However, a generation later, pioneers were seen comparing the notches on their guns for each black creature they had shot.

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DRINKING WATER CAN KILL YOU!

By

ROBERT KEEGAN

*Drinking water taken at the wrong time can make
you drunk—it could even cause you to drop dead*

THE importance of drinking water for human beings has been grossly exaggerated. It's not true that water will help you sleep better, cure a cold, or reduce. It's not true that you should drink at least eight glasses of water every day. It isn't even true that you benefit from the minerals in water.

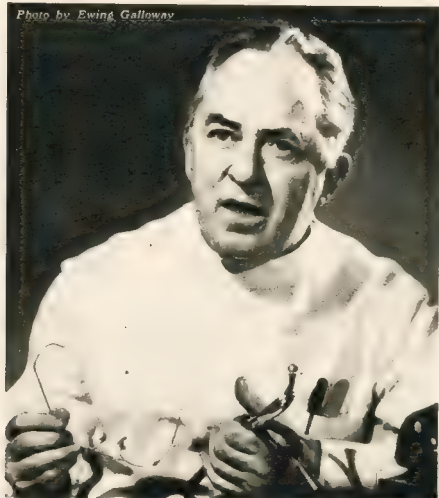
But it is true that too much water can cause insomnia, severe intestinal cramps, indigestion, and swollen ankles. It's also true that water drunk at the wrong time can intoxicate you or even cause death!

Recent findings of competent medical research agencies have proved beyond doubt that water is hardly the panacea it has always been thought to be. We can't live without it, but we can certainly exist more healthfully without trying to drown ourselves from the inside.

Americans consume huge quantities of water at meals, and we drink gallons of iced tea and coffee, beer and soft drinks between meals. Every year we drink enough orange and grapefruit juice and milk to float all the navies of the world. We have soups, vegetable waters, and other disguised forms of water in almost endless variety.

We drink many of these things secure in the belief that "they are good for us." Actually the reverse is often true. These rivers of water overwork the kidneys, strain the bladder, and lodge in body tissue to produce heart-straining and energy-sapping weight. People complain of being listless, of having no energy, of putting on weight even though they eat like the proverbial birds. The majority of these people probably need nothing to cure their ills other than turn-

Photo by Ewing Galloway



Doctors now say that water drunk with meals puts on weight; if you want to lose, turn off the tap.



Water containing fluorine prevents tooth decay, but average person doesn't benefit from other minerals.

ing off the family faucet. They may lose as much as a pound a week.

INCONGRUOUSLY drinking water can play havoc with the body in the summer when you are hot and perspiring. People in desert areas know this only too well, and if they save someone who has been driven half crazy by thirst under the boiling rays of the sun, they dole out water to them in very small quantities instead of the gulps the thirst-victim craves. They know from training and experience that large quantities of water at such a time can often kill a man.

However, in the more "floating" regions of the world people are not familiar with this danger. For example, one day last summer during the peak of the hot spell a line of men formed at the first-aid station in a Long Island defense plant. They were all suffering from cramps, dizzy spells, and severe headaches. The nurse examined them but could not find anything wrong, and then called the doctor.

When the medical man arrived and the nurse told him she had not been able to find the seat of the workers' troubles, his first question was, "Have they been drinking much water?" The men all admitted that they had, and the doctor announced that they had reached a state bordering on intoxication from the non-alcoholic beverage!



Take salt tablets in hot weather or you'll get cramps, dizzy spells.



Photo by Ewing Galloway

The shock of too much water and not enough salt has killed many people; the nervous and organic system couldn't adjust fast enough.

This phenomenon is caused by the fact that in hot weather you lose a great deal of salt with perspiration. If you replace the water without replacing the salt, the water-salt balance of the body is thrown off kilter and the body naturally complains. The cramps and dizzy spells were the warning signs that something was wrong.

Many people have died as a result of this water-salt imbalance. The shock of the drastically altered composition of the body was too much for the nervous and organic system to withstand.

THE health boys who insist upon drinking a few glasses of water with their meals will tell you that it helps irrigate the stomach and

thus aids digestion. This is a complete fallacy. Doctors have discovered that if you wash food down with quantities of water, chances are the food isn't chewed properly. Also, the water dilutes the secretion of the salivary glands, and this gives the stomach a really difficult job when it tries to digest sugars and starches for assimilation into the blood stream.

But to make matters even worse, we Americans insist upon having a couple of ice cubes floating around in our water glasses, even during winter. The low temperature of this water constricts blood vessels in the stomach and generally ties the digestive mechanism into knots that are unable to function

(Continued on page 55)

THE WORST FRAUDS IN RACING HISTORY

By CLEM BODDINGTON

*Pigeons, music and fishing have been
used by swindlers to win horse bets*

SCHEMERS have worked various dodges to separate bookies and the betting public from money ever since horse racing became an international institution, many centuries ago.

Late last year, for example, the police broke into an apartment house in the vicinity of one of the Long Island tracks. The police had been informed that one of a group of crooked operators wigwagged the running position of the field from the track to a binocular-equipped observer in the apartment. The information was short-waved from the apartment to New Orleans. There, other members of the gang, aware of the actual winner before the result reached the ears of the bookmaker, planted their bets with highly satisfactory results. The sudden winning streak aroused suspicion. Investigation revealed the fraud, but not until the Crescent City bookmakers had been "taken" for thousands of dollars.

Of course, this latest instance of skulduggery is just a variation of the old "first past the post" swindle, but there have been other examples in which the perpetrators have exercised almost fantastic imagination in their "set-ups."

There was the patron of a betting bookie who became as lucky as an Irish Sweepstakes winner. The patron could do nothing wrong. He won bet after bet and put a heavy dent in the bookmaker's roll.

Fuzzled and suspicious, the bookie was convinced that he had been "had" but he couldn't figure out how the deal was being put over.

The patron visited the bookmaker's office. After a



Sports authority Paul Gallico figures 35 things can happen to horse between paddock and finish line.



Homing pigeons proved to be highly profitable to two dishonest gentlemen who "won" on Derby day.



One enterprising bettor beat the bookie by going fishing with him; an accomplice wrote winners' names on paper, sent them downstream.



Wily innkeeper Honest Tom obliged customers by laying odds on the Derby; he only lost a bet once.

last look at a racing sheet, the patron offered the bookie a cigar. The bookmaker accepted the cigar and then looked out his office window, his curiosity aroused by cornet music coming from the street outside. The cornet player wasn't playing *Boots and Saddles*, but, as if on cue, the patron jumped from his chair and placed a bet. His horse won. On the following day, the same strange circumstance occurred. More cornet music was followed by a bet and the patron won again.

The bookmaker "stopped the music" when he was informed that the patron was being tipped off to each winner by the tune played on the cornet. Were it not for his "ear for music," the conspirators might have left the bookmaker destitute from "facing the music."

History has a habit of repeating itself in racing. In a recent issue of *SIR!* mention was made of the Trodmore races in England, a hoax perpetrated on the unsuspecting English betting public several decades ago. A complete card of races appeared in the press and the public bet heavily. Unfortunately for the bettors, the races were never run off.

Just a few years ago, and in England, too, a jumping meeting was scheduled for Troglodyte.

By sheerest accident the hoax failed. The avaricious adventurers who were involved were in too much of a hurry to bother about the apparently unimportant detail that the telegraph company would be unable to find any place in England named Troglodyte. Unwary bettors on the Troglodyte meeting were just out

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THE GHOST THAT HAUNTED NAPOLEON

(Continued from page 43)

used, the same voice Henry had heard before he awoke. "You will die on the morrow," it said. "You will be assassinated by those you consider your most trusted friends." Without pausing for a reply or a protest, the figure walked straight through the wall of the room and disappeared.

Henry IV promptly summoned his retainers, and told them what had happened. They belittled any idea that traitors would kill the King. Reassured somewhat, Henry went back to sleep. But, less than twelve hours later, on the morning of May 14, he was killed while surrounded by his closest associates. The fatal blow was struck by a friend named Ravallac who, unknown to the King, had built up the conspiracy against his life.

History might have been changed greatly had Henry taken obvious precautions after receiving this ghostly death-sentence.

NAPOLÉON was very familiar with this story of the "Red Ghost," and was greatly impressed by it. He also was well aware of a much more recent appearance of this spirit to Louis XVI, forecasting the French Revolution and guillotining of both the King and his wife, Marie Antoinette. For these reasons, he stood in perpetual awe of the phantom, which visited him several times.

The first such visitation of which there is authentic record occurred in 1798, when Napoleon was only twenty-nine years old and still only a promising army commander. It was prior to the Battle of the Pyramids in Egypt, and it included a warning of disaster at sea. The Pyramids engendered Napoleon won, but the defeat of the French Fleet by Admiral Nelson on August 1 of that year was a major disaster. Years later, after Napoleon became Emperor, he persisted in his determination to subdue England at sea, but his combined French-Spanish fleet was defeated in the great Battle of Trafalgar.

The second time was after the disastrous Battle of Wagram, when the "Red Ghost" arbitrarily gave Napoleon four years to make a general peace. This advice Napoleon completely failed to accept.

Apparently Napoleon alone saw the phantom of these two occasions, and their story is only recorded in

brief phrases here and there. But there is a very complete account of the third visitation which had a second witness throughout, and a third much of the time.

It occurred on a morning in January, 1814. Napoleon had already suffered tremendous defeats, and the forces attacking him were gigantic. He was sitting in his study in the Tuilleries Palace, accompanied only by his Secretary of State, Count Mole, and his personal secretary, Neuval.

To understand exactly what happened, the room must be described. It was a very handsome chamber, formerly the bedroom of Marie-Theresa, the wife of Louis XIV. The walls were lined with bookcases. There was only one window and one door—the latter leading into a small ante-room. Napoleon's desk was in the center of the study. Neuval sat at a desk before the window.

Napoleon appeared very despondent, preoccupied with his own dark thoughts and scarcely paying attention to what Count Mole was saying. He got up and wandered about the room distractedly, and finally he asked Count Mole to retire into the ante-chamber while he composed his thoughts. This left the Emperor and Neuval alone in the study.

In the small ante-room, where he was alone, Count Mole sat down to read a book. Both the door to the study and the door to the main corridor outside were closed.

Suddenly the Count noticed that the ante-room was growing extraordinarily cold. He looked up, and to his astonishment saw "a tall man with a red cloak and a red beard." Both doors remained closed.

"I must speak to the Emperor immediately," the man who had somehow come past the guards and through a closed door said in a rumbling voice.

Surprised though he was, the Count answered courteously, "The Emperor cannot be disturbed now by anyone. He desires complete privacy at the moment."

THE stranger—it was "someone" Mole had never seen before—stepped forward. The Count rose to guard the doorway to Napoleon's study. As the man continued to advance, Mole put up his hands to push him back, and to his horror

they went completely through the man as though through ice-cold air.

The red-bearded stranger looked at Count Mole commandingly. "Go inside and tell the Emperor that the man with the red beard must see him immediately," he ordered in his deep voice. Trembling, Count Mole obeyed. To his astonishment, Napoleon instantly told him to admit the stranger, which Count Mole did, closing the study door behind the tall man after he had entered and remained outside in the ante-room himself.

At this point, Count Mole frankly eavesdropped, listening at the study-door keyhole. Through the keyhole he heard the rumbling voice clearly, and he carefully memorized everything that was said:

"This is the third time I have appeared before you," the voice boomed. "The second time, I gave you four years to make a general

peace and warned that if you did not comply, I would withdraw my protection from you. You have failed to follow my guidance. Now I warn you that you have but three months more to complete the execution of the designs you now have, or to comply with the proposals of peace which are offered you by the Alliance.

"If you don't succeed in the one, or accede to the other, your career is doomed. Remember this well."

Count Mole then heard Napoleon's voice, arguing emphatically and pleading that three months was not enough time either to win back what he had lost or make an honorable peace.

"Excuses do not matter to me," the rumbling voice interrupted. "I give you three months, no more." Silence descended over the study.

Though Mole watched and listened alertly, he neither saw nor heard the stranger leave Napoleon's study. A few minutes later the secretary, Neuval, opened the door and beckoned Mole inside. Napoleon appeared "pale and shaky" and postponed the appointment to a later date.

Later, Count Mole privately discussed the occurrence with Neuval. Neuval insisted that he had not seen any red-bearded stranger in a red cloak in the study at any time, but that he had heard the rumbling voice, apparently coming from mid-air. He had also heard Napoleon's reply. The conversation between the phantom and Napoleon, apparently in a state of extreme despondency, had not left his study for the remainder of the day.

History records what happened

afterward. Napoleon elected to fight, but the odds against him made his efforts hopeless. Exactly three months after the apparition had announced its ultimatum, on April 11, 1814, Napoleon abdicated, renouncing "for himself and his heirs the thrones of France and Italy . . ."

NAPOLÉON died prematurely, at the age of fifty-two, while in exile on the lonely island of St. Helena. Many people believed that he died of a broken heart. At any rate, as he lay dying late in the afternoon of May 5, 1821, there were many seemingly "supernatural" happenings, all in the course of less than an hour, while Napoleon himself was in a coma.

A sudden storm of terrific intensity swept over the house, uprooting many trees. Lightning split the Emperor's favorite willow tree—a tree under which he had been accustomed to sit on summer evenings, working on his *Memoirs*. The storm ceased as swiftly as it had commenced. Such a storm, many people said, had never occurred there before or since.

At a few minutes before five o'clock, one of the doctors in the death-chamber—Dr. Antommarchi—saw to his astonishment the figure of a complete stranger standing at the bedside. It was a very tall man, with a robust build, attired in a red cloak and wearing a red beard. The figure looked down at the dying Emperor, but did not speak. As Dr. Antommarchi stood there, temporarily paralyzed by astonishment, the figure lifted its hands in apparent benediction over the body. Simultaneously the full rays of the sun broke into the room, the figure vanished, and Napoleon breathed his last. The time, as carefully noted, was exactly six minutes of six.

At a few minutes before six on the same day, Madame Bonaparte, Napoleon's mother, was sitting in the drawing room of the Palazzo Bonaparte, thousands of miles distant. A servant announced a visitor, who claimed to have "bad news of your son." Madame Bonaparte had the man admitted immediately. It turned out to be the tall man in the red cloak, with the red beard. Madame Bonaparte gazed at the stranger in astonishment, hoping that he might be the bearer of good news that Napoleon had escaped from St. Helena, might even be the Emperor in disguise.

But gradually she realized that this was a figure of doom. Its eyes were sombre, though not unkind. A strange, icy chill emanated from it.

Finally it spoke, in a deep, rumbling voice, "Madame, your son is dead!" Then, instantly, it was gone.

Recovering her self-control after an instant, and believing that she had been the victim of a hoax or had experienced an hallucination, Madame Bonaparte rushed into the hall. There she confronted the servant who had admitted the red-bearded stranger.

"The gentleman you admitted a few moments ago," she demanded. "Did you see him leave?"

"*Signora Madre*," the servant replied, "no one passed here since I conducted the stranger to you. And I have been here constantly."

Madame Bonaparte made a note of the date and time of the mysterious occurrence. It was not until

months later—in July—that word of her son's death reached her. He had died at the same moment she had seen the apparition and heard the voice of "The Red Ghost of France."

Do occult powers preside over the destinies of nations, guide their rulers, withdraw their support when the guidance is refused? Do some great leaders, like Napoleon, "see visions and predict the future?" History records that mysterious "supernatural visitations" like those mentioned in this article have occurred many times. Perhaps the only explanation of them is that the Mighty Ruler of the Universe controls—even against our wishes—the destinies of us all.

THE END

THE WIFE TRADERS OF HONDURAS

(Continued from page 19)

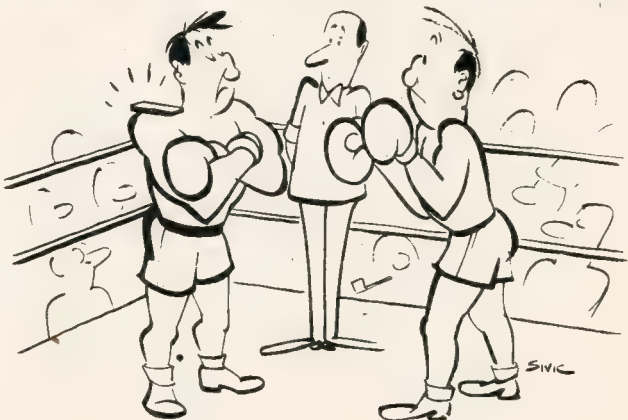
Misskito Indians came about by chance. In 1641, a shipload of African slaves was wrecked off this coast, and the unarmed Negroes were promptly captured and enslaved by the Indians. The Misskitos found the Negroes to be amiable, intelligent, and of good physique, and intermarriage was soon permitted. Over the centuries, thousands of escaped slaves also made their way to this coast, where they interbred with the native population.

I was told that the original Carib Indians of this area were cinnamon red in color. A colony in a small village on Brewers' Lagoon, I noted, were much darker, having the high cheekbones of the Indian and the

flat noses of some Negro tribes.

Inland the Misskitos were much lighter. Incidentally these tribes—living along the mountainous headwaters of the Patuca River—are the ones with the wife-swapping propensities. The first such tribe we visited were the Zambus, who live in small villages of no more than a dozen huts.

Like the other isolated and backward tribes, the Zambus are exceedingly primitive. Their only tools are a few knives and *machetes*. They hunt with blowguns which shoot clay pellets about the size of a large pea, and their marksmanship is uncanny. Their women make clothing out of the inner layers of bark. These people get plenty of



fish from the rivers by the simple expedient of poisoning the water, using lethal plant extracts or alligator gall. Tropical fruits are plentiful. Their alcoholic beverage—which has real authority—is a brew of yucca, cassava, and oranges.

The Zambus are a violent, almost lawless tribe. There is no village authority—not even by a medicine-man. If a Zambu kills an enemy, his only fear is of retribution in kind from some male relative of his victim. Quarrels usually end in the death of one of the participants, while the victor has the choice of fleeing the village to escape revenge or fatalistically awaiting certain death.

The masculine approach to marriage is like slavery, with the men "owning" the women and showing little affection for them. It is actually considered improper to reveal emotion or tenderness. Kissing is unknown. If a husband is considerate of his current wife, it is usually because other men of equal or greater wealth desire her.

Under these brutal circumstances, it is little wonder that wives often run away. When this happens, the aggrieved husband merely demands from her previous husband the price he paid for her, plus the cost of her maintenance for the time she belonged to him. If the former husband doesn't pay up, a feud starts that again may end in death.

There is one strange taboo in regard to getting rid of an enemy. A Zambu may stab or poison a man, but he may not kill him by blow-gun unless the murderer immediately commits suicide.

THE "market of wives" always takes place on the night and day of a full moon. In the eerie moonlight, a gigantic fire is built, and is kept blazing constantly. The people arrange themselves around this conflagration in orderly circles, women closest to the flames. Presently the men—steeped in drink—begin a frenzied, chanting dance which goes on and on as the women wait passively.

At dawn the market commences. First to be purchased are the young girls who have never had husbands, but who have proven themselves eligible by bearing at least two children. Generally, they are purchased by the younger men, who have saved carefully for many months in order to be able to purchase the first of what in time will prove to be a long succession of temporary wives.

(In such a society, of course, the children are the property of the village as a whole.)

The scene is one of constant pandemonium. Both purchasers and sellers of wives try to outdo each other in yelling and shrieking, on the theory that the man with the loudest voice and the greatest persistence can get the better of the bargain. Sometimes these negotiations are very complex; a poor Zambu, for example, cannot buy a new wife on whom he has set his fancy until he first gets the necessary capital by selling his old one.

These Zambu males are deadly serious. They know that if they fail to complete a transaction on the quarterly wife-market day, they must wait another three months—unless they can afford to go to one of the inter-village markets. No Zambu will ever try to sell his wife at a private sale for "evil demons" will surely punish his flagrant "immorality."

Small wonder that the Zambu music is invariably mournful, lacking in gaiety or happiness! These people deliberately deny themselves man's most priceless possession, the steadfast affection of their women. When, as sometimes happens, young boys and girls fall genuinely in love with each other, they show their affection by refusing to eat together! Such a symbol of mutual liking as sharing a meal is not to be tolerated, and they know that—regardless of the intensity of their adolescent love—a permanent marriage is almost an impossibility.

A few other of the Zambu customs are worthy of notice. As might be expected, they have little idea of religion. Immortality of the soul is totally beyond their conception. Education and religious instruction offer the greatest hopes of happiness to this strange, backward tribe who treat their women as mere chattels.

FROM the Zambu territory we went on to visit another almost totally unknown tribe, the Payas. They are so isolated that linguists can find no connection between their language and any other tongue. Amazingly, they actually have two different languages, one spoken by the men and the other by the women.

In some respects, the Payas are even more primitive than the Zambus. Like the Zambus, they raise no crops, being content to live off the jungle. They do not even have the crude wife-purchase-and-exchange system of the Zambus; the girls, once they have proven their ability to bear children, belong indiscriminately to the males of the entire village. Naturally, children are the communal property of the village, too.

However, they have quarterly exchange of all the women of different villages—one of the most brutal practices imaginable; the sole redeeming feature being that the women exchanged do know each other and are not separated. The children are kept behind in the villages of the fathers.

It is almost incredible that such superstitions and practices still exist in such great degree on this continent. These conditions are not the fault of the Honduran government, which is doing its utmost to educate the people, improve their standards of living, and abolish barbarous customs.

On the contrary, they are primarily due to the extreme isolation of the more backward tribes, who are literally more difficult to visit than almost any other peoples on earth. Until helicopters, perhaps, make intercommunication much easier, the jungle "markets of wives" and other barbaric customs are likely to persist.

THE END

SHASTA MYSTERY

(Continued from page 23)

failed to reveal any known cause of the trouble.

Sometimes venturesome souls, determined to penetrate into the fastnesses where Lemurian villages were reported to exist, found themselves halted by barriers of invisible force, or driven back by powerful mental commands they found themselves powerless to disobey.

There have been many reports—vouched for by persons of the highest integrity—of brilliant, mysterious lights high on the slopes of certain mountains, notably Mt. Shasta. Lights of an intensity beyond the capacity of modern science to produce have been reported as visible from the San Francisco area.

DO colonies of the world's oldest civilization still exist in self-imposed isolation in California? Are there other Lemurian colonies elsewhere—as, for example, in the mountains of Bolivia, where the isolated Sironos are reported to have "Lemurian characteristics" and are believed by the Indian tribes to be a race of minor gods? What is the truth about the age-old legend of the "Lost Continent of Lemuria"—believed by some authorities to have been the cradle of human civilizations?

Before we investigate this fascinating enigma, however, let us return momentarily to the legend of Lemurians in California.

The Indians always believed that California was inhabited by a super-race whose tiny colonies deliberately isolated themselves, preferring to preserve their strange culture apart and intact. Another strange fact is that the origins of the word California are themselves unknown, being traceable neither to Indian nor to European sources. According to the famous American clergyman and author Edward Everett Hale—who is best-remembered for his short story *The Man Without a Country*—the word may have stemmed from a "Queen Calipha," ruler of an ancient civilization "on the right hand of the Indies, very near to the terrestrial paradise" or the legendary Garden of Eden. However, this is at best conjecture.

Was Lemuria the Garden of Eden?

No one has yet explained the origin of the mysterious hieroglyphics, of incredible antiquity, extending for hundreds of feet along the solid rock in the Klamath Falls region of northern California, near the Oregon border. Are they, too, of Lemurian origin—or the work of the descendants of Lemurians?

One of the most startling stories of Lemurians in California appeared in the Los Angeles *Times* some years ago, by-lined by Edward Lanser. While riding on a train in the vicinity of Mt. Shasta, Mr. Lanser noticed a tremendous reddish-green light emanating from the entire southern side of the mountain. When he asked the conductor what caused the phenomenon, the conductor said simply, "Lemurians. They hold ceremonies up there."

Subsequently Mr. Lanser did some investigating in the vicinity of the mountain, and found that belief in a Lemurian colony on the mountain was widespread. In accordance with the legend, he found that the Lemurians—through occult or other sciences—protected their villages well; there was no record of anyone having succeeded in visiting them and having returned to tell the story of what he had seen.

More amazingly, however, Mr. Lanser seems to have tracked down scientific evidence of the existence of the Lemurian colonies on Mt. Shasta. It appeared that Prof. Edgar Lucien Larkin, who served as director of Mt. Lowe Observatory, had trained his telescope on the mountain and observed "... a great temple" of "carved marble and onyx ..." among other things.

There was also some evidence that, among their other powers, the solitude-seeking denizens of the mountain were able to thwart the approach of forest fires by snuffing them out by some mysterious means.

Whether or not the "Lemurians" of California are actually the descendants of some incredibly ancient civilization, there is certainly sufficient evidence that they in fact exist. What is the evidence for the existence—far back in the remote past—of Lemuria itself?

LEMURIA certainly perished at a far earlier date than the 12,000 years ago set by some authorities as the date of the destruction of the continent of Atlantis. This time may have been anywhere from 25,000 to 50,000 years ago, and there is considerable reason to believe that Lemuria did actually exist, that it was a mighty continent, that it was the cradle of civilization, and that it perished in a tremendous catastrophe.

Lemuria is believed to have been a continent of several thousand miles in extent, larger than present North America, and extending over most of the region now occupied by the South Pacific Ocean. Indication of its abrupt submergence may still be found in the fact that this entire area is still linked by a periphery of active volcanoes on both the mountains which still thrust their peaks above the level of the ocean, as well as on the continental mainland. Geologists refer to this periphery as the Pacific "ring of fire"—and anyone who is familiar with any part of this region knows how apt the term is.

THE existence of Lemuria in the remote past would also explain another great mystery—why isolated groups of a fair-skinned race have been found on many islands of the Pacific periphery. "Practically throughout the entire length and breadth of the Pacific Ocean, but more specially in its more easterly latitudes," writes Lewis Spence in his book *The Problem of Lemuria*, "there exist the clearest and most astonishing traces of a white, fair-haired race which owes nothing to European admixture ..."

There is a great deal of evidence, in fact, that the Lemurians were the original human race, that they colonized the world—notably Atlantis—and that all other races have stemmed from them. Differences in coloring and other characteristics that later developed were due to climatic factors on the different continents, as well as to interbreed-

ing over thousands of years; but some of the Lemurians retained their ancestral characteristics to an astounding degree.

This is the position held by the great German anthropologist Ernst Haeckel, who states that the human species originally came "... from a single primaeva home ... or 'Paradise' ... here assumed to be Lemuria ..."

The existence of Lemuria would also explain many other puzzles—such as the basic root-similarities in languages and customs throughout the world. On this point Col. James Churchward comments, "Certain old symbols and customs, discovered in Egypt, Burma, India, Japan and elsewhere, are so identical, it is certain they came from one source only—Mu (an abbreviation for Lemuria) ..."

Some of these similarities include the widespread legends of a superior race of white-skinned colonizers—such as the Central American god-men Kukulkan and Hucumatz which also have their counterpart in Buddhist and Chinese tradition. They include identities in ancient calendars, hieroglyphics, the art of tattooing, the mummification of bodies, the pyramid, the practice of flattening the heads of infants by binding, and many other factors.

ALL legends agree that the Lemurians were a remarkable people. It is variously hinted that they possessed mental telepathy. This may have been a faculty that the human race has largely lost through atrophy or disuse, and that is only recently being regained. The Cyclops legend is said to have originated in the fact that Lemurians of pure-blooded descent had a pronounced protrusion in the center of their foreheads which was by no means a "third" eye but may have been the seat of this and perhaps other mental faculties. This protrusion is occasionally noted in persons of extreme intelligence and sensitivity today.

In addition to mental telepathy, the Lemurians are variously credited with being able to control gravity, make themselves invisible at will, and direct "the physical and chemical forces inherent in lifeless things" (according to Rudolf Steiner in his *Atlantis and Lemuria*). They are legendary to have originated both the occult sciences and the arts of witchcraft—and it is significant that the Pacific regions are those in which witchcraft is now practiced least, an indication that the Lemurians practiced no mombo-jumbo but true psychic arts.

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There exists a rough calendar of the Lemurian civilization. According to this calendar—a composite of the thinking of many authorities—Lemuria was a great empire as far back as 200,000 years ago. Colonization began about 100,000 years ago, while Atlantis was settled from 50,000 to 25,000 years ago. When Lemuria was destroyed, Atlantis became the center of civilization and remained so until her own destruction, leaving her greatest colony in Egypt.

Lemuria was probably destroyed fairly quickly, but not as rapidly as Atlantis, which, according to Plato, sank "in a single day." There was probably time for many of the inhabitants to flee to higher ground. But the catastrophe was tremendous enough at that, as shown by the structure of the Pacific sea-bottom even today. As the oceanographer Sir Archibald Geikie notes, "It is a remarkable fact that

the deepest parts of the ocean, as revealed by actual soundings, do not lie in or near the center of the basin, but in every case have been met with not far from land..."

For example, the deepest parts of the Pacific are such places as Mindanao Deep—off the Philippines—and off the South American west coast. Lemuria must have sunk fairly rapidly to have produced such effects.

Most geologists agree that Lemuria did exist, Spence points out. That it was the cradle of civilization also appears probable, in view of the mysteries it explains. But do Lemurians still survive in isolated colonies—as in California—to this very day?

I, for one, believe that they do. And I would like very much to meet them, since their civilization and knowledge appears to be so much higher than our own!

THE END

WORST RACING FRAUDS IN HISTORY

(Continued from page 49)

of luck, because the "agents" for the "jumping meeting" had accepted their bets and had vanished like the fabled troglodytes of our misty beginnings.

LONG before a telegraph instrument was invented, there was a wily English innkeeper named Honest Tom. He operated his hostelry near Epsom and obliged taproom customers by laying odds on the English Derby. Private messengers, on fast horses, relayed to him the winner's name many minutes before the more cumbersome stagecoach brought the news. Honest Tom always lengthened the odds and took many a juicy bet on horses he knew had not won.

In 1783, two strangers, well-spoken and dressed in ministerial broadcloth, put up at his hotel during Derby week. They were nice, quiet folk. Aside from having a toddy in the general room by the fire, they kept to themselves. The proprietor had noted one odd piece of luggage they brought with them, a wicker basket. They carried it upstairs themselves, so he gave it no further thought.

Early on Derby day, one of the guests hastened into London, carrying the wicker basket. The other remained in his room until after race time. Then he sauntered downstairs and asked Honest Tom for the odds on a certain long shot. Old Tom looked at his figures. The messenger had not arrived, but he was

certain that the long shot had no chance, so he laid fifty guineas against one against the long shot.

The stranger bet forty pounds.

A few minutes later, the messenger appeared at the inn door and beckoned to Honest Tom. That worthy blanched when he was informed that the long shot had won. Then the stagecoach clattered up to the inn. The stranger collected his winnings from the partially stunned inn-keeper and departed. That night a few homing pigeon feathers were found strewn on the floor of his room.

Another English bookmaker was the victim of another ingenious "stunt." He accepted the invitation of an acquaintance to spend a quiet afternoon of fishing on the Thames River, near Molesey. The setting was one of complete quiet and restfulness. While engaging in the business of casting his line, the bookmaker was asked about the Ascot races. The bookmaker settled back on the cushions of the boat and, amused, accepted bets on the various events.

There was nothing to stir suspicion. The bookie had been in the punt with the acquaintance for more than two hours before the races. There was no radio, telephone or telegraph wires.

Yet, the bookie's "friend" had picked six consecutive winners, all at amazing odds. It was this fantastic run of luck that aroused the bookmaker's suspicion.

It transpired that details for the swindle had been carefully worked out between the acquaintance and a confederate upstream. As soon as each winner came through over the wires, the ally wrote the name on fifty or more slips of paper and cast them into the water. They floated downstream. The acquaintance, lazing on the cushions at his end of the boat, just reached over the side of the boat and consulted the name on what was seemingly a piece of jetsam, then bet on a horse which had won his race nearly half an hour earlier.

The bookmaker had been literally "taken for a boat ride."

JUST before the outbreak of World War II, there was a knave who followed the kings in the sport of kings. He played the metropolitan New York circuit. He dressed for his act like an actor on Broadway. His get-up was that of a stable-boy: sweater, riding breeches and cap. After he had "cased" a prospect at the track, he would dash up, panting, and ask:

"What price did the winner pay, mister? I was down at the stables and couldn't get up in time to make my bet."

Informed by the prospect, the phony stable-boy would exclaim:

"What? Three to one; Say, ain't that tough, though! And I didn't have a bet down. The boss told me that he was out to win today. At the last minute I had to take a mare over to the blacksmith's. Gosh, I would've won a bundle on that baby."

Lowering his tone, the "stable-boy" says:

DRINKING WATER CAN KILL YOU

(Continued from page 47)

properly until the ice water has been raised to normal body temperature.

This, of course, puts a greater strain on other parts of the body. Heat is energy, and if a large amount of heat must be used to raise the temperature of ice water in the stomach, energy is being wasted. This is one of the reasons why you often feel tired and sleepy during the summer months. You have consumed great quantities of water during the day for the sake of mental "comfort," and the body has to work overtime and burn energy to heat up this water.

As further proof of this, you will notice that prize fighters and other athletes never drink water while engaged in athletic activities. They

"I've got the winner in the next race, anyway."

The prospect has met the type of track acquaintance he has wanted to meet. He asks for the name of the horse.

The "stable-boy" becomes secretive in manner.

"I can't give you the horse's name. I gave my word to my boss. He doesn't want the price knocked down. I tell you what I will do for you. Slip me a double sawbuck. I'll

go and put it down with my money. See?" He flashes a roll of bills.

Since the prospect, like thousands of others in the crowd, has checked his reason when he entered the racetrack's enclosure, he gives the tout the money.

"I'll meet you at that post by the starter's stand, pal, and pay you off there. O.K.?"

Maybe he bet the money for the erstwhile prospect. Maybe Eskimos practice nudism.

If reason is still checked at the entrance to the track, the sucker falls for the tout's line that the winner was nosed out and goes along with the "stable-boy" on "a 15 to 1 shot in the next race."

Paul Gallico, long a sports authority as sports editor of the *N.Y. Daily News*, has observed that there are 35 different things which can happen to make a horse win or lose between the paddock and the finish line. Mr. Gallico hasn't estimated the number of methods the grasping gents use to attain their nefarious ends. Even a Gallico could not figure that astronomical total.

THE END



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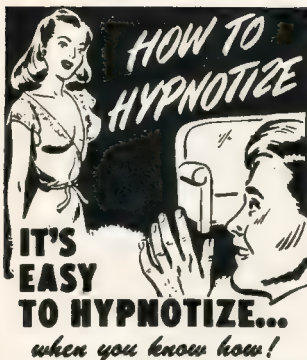
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Scientists have determined that you can get all the minerals you would ever need, plus more, in your normal diet. Excess amounts are merely passed off by the body or stored somewhere in the system. This storing process can be extremely dangerous in the case of calcium. Deposits of this substance can develop rough edges which in turn often induce cancer through constant irritation to surrounding tissues. When doctors notice calcium deposits in X-rays, they invariably recommend that the patient have them removed surgically.

However, this is not meant to imply that the body doesn't require water. It does, and in large quantities, but it does not have to be inundated. You need water even more than you need food, for the body is composed mostly of water. Your blood is 90 percent water, and even bones contain more than 20 percent water.

We can go on fasts with little harm to the body, but thirst is something else. Without constant replacement of fluids which are thrown off via the lungs, skin, kidneys, and intestines, the body would dry up and death would result.

Anyone who tries to drink less water than demanded by his body would probably suffer violent headaches, loss of hearing, blindness, and would even lose his sense of balance.

The happy medium is to let your body decide how much water it requires. Don't try to do without water, and don't try to flood yourself. The average person needs between two and three quarts of liquid a day to keep his body in perfect order. However, you get approximately two-thirds of your daily requirement from the foods you normally eat. Meat, potatoes, corn, bread, and even crackers contain water. As a matter of fact, everything normally eaten contains water to some degree. The balance can be made up through coffee, tea, fresh fruits or juices, and milk.

You can actually go from now until you are ninety without drinking another glass of plain water, and never suffer from it!

THE END

THE CURSE OF MEN WITH HORNS

(Continued from page 37)

on other areas of the body, such as the trunk, limbs, and even the feet.

It is of interest that "misplaced horns" are not entirely unknown among normally horned animals!

IN his textbook on anatomy, the German scientist Hildanus described a man who had "two perfectly shaped and placed ram-like horns on his forehead." This same surgeon removed a horn growing from the left side of the head of a French boy.

In his exhaustive medical treatise "*Ueber Keratose*" (published in 1864), Prof. Hermann Lebert mentions no less than 109 instances of properly shaped and placed horns on human heads.

Writing in the Rumanian medical journal *Spitalul* in 1886, Dr. P. Bejan described a perfectly shaped "ram's horn" that he removed from the left side of the skull—just above the ear—of a forty-year-old woman. It was about eight inches long, two inches broad at the base, and one and one-half inches broad at the tip. It curved "upward and forward" in true ram-like fashion.

In the same year, the world-renowned French surgeon Dr. Vedal, speaking before the *Academie de Medicine*, exhibited a spiral horn ten inches long he had removed from the upper left fore-skull of a woman patient. In her case, a second horn immediately started to grow in the same place from which removal had been made.

Some human horns grow to enormous size. In the famous Toussaud Museum in Paris is a wax model of an eight-inch horn of greyish-brown color that was removed from the forehead of an elderly woman by the famous surgeon Dr. Souberbielle. The *American Journal of Medical Science* (Philadelphia, 1887) carried an account of the removal of a horn ten inches long from the forehead of another elderly woman. Prof. C. Gregory has reported a horn almost eight inches

long that was removed from the forehead of an Edinburgh woman.

Horns have been removed from just about every area of the human body. In 1850, the British medical journal *Lancet* described the removal of a "long" horn from a man's back. The *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* carries an account by Dr. Minot of the removal of two horns from one person—one horn being on the lower lip and one on the neck. The *Paris Hospital de la Charitie* has reported removal of bull-like horns four inches long from the fingers and toes of a baby boy.

In some cases, a horn that is single at the base is multiple at the top. In the *Neues Medicinisches und Psysyches Journal* Dr. Voigte describes removal of a three-pronged horn from the forehead of an elderly woman. Perhaps the most famous instance is the case of Paul Rodriguez, a Mexican, who had a horn fourteen inches in circumference at the base and divided into three shafts, growing from the left side of his fore-skull. This horn was not removed; Rodriguez chose to conceal it by wearing a specially designed and shaped red cap.

PERHAPS the most distressing—if not physically painful—of human horns are those cases where multiplicity is extreme. Sometimes one person sprouts horns by the dozen. One famous freak was Annie Jackson, of Waterford, Ireland, who had horns on her joints, arms, nipples, ears, and forehead. A pair of brothers—Frenchmen by the name of Lambert—were completely covered with horns with the exception of their faces, palms, and the soles of their feet. Both their father and grandfather also had multiple horns—an amazing instance of seeming heredity of this malformation.

Instances of horns that were periodically shed or "cast off" have been reported. The Lambert brothers, for example, regularly shed all their horns each spring and fall, but growth was so rapid that they also sawed the horns off when they became long enough to be annoying. An Englishwoman named Mary Chester, when about twenty years of age, began to develop a pair of horns, one on each side of her forehead. In about four years, they reached a length of several inches, after which they loosened and "dropped off." Promptly another pair started to grow, but in four years they too were cast. This process continued throughout her life. There is an excellent portrait of Mary Chester with horns

of four years' growth in the Ashmolean Collection at Oxford University.

THERE is some evidence that certain human horns—like callosities and cancer—are a reaction to irritation over long periods of time. In 1878, the *Richmond and Louisville Medical Journal* carried an account of the case of a sea captain, whose face had been exposed to the weather over a period of many years. Small warts first appeared on his mouth and on both cheeks. They grew and became hornlike, while the affliction spread until they covered his entire face. After about four years, the two largest horns ulcerated and fell off, but new horny scabs commenced to grow in their place.

Human horns have been removed by non-medical persons in many ways. An Englishman "broke them off," the Lambert brothers "sawed them off," so did a Mexican Indian (the pieces of horn in this last instance attained a total length of more than twelve inches in three years.) Obviously, once one of these horns has started to develop, extirpation or removal is a matter that should be undertaken by a competent doctor, never by a layman.

Human horns have been reported in all ages since earliest antiquity. There is evidence that some are efforts of the body to dispose of unneeded substances in places where such substances can cause no harm to the system; the fact that horns are far more prevalent on elderly than on young persons (elderly persons have less active digestive and glandular systems and are prone to such depository ailments as arthritis, hardening of the arteries, and so on) is proof of that. To such persons, horns are a blessing in disguise.

More mysterious is the fact that horns, in some families and tribes, are hereditary. Do they represent a true mutation—an effort by Nature to establish a horned human species? This is an interesting but still an unanswerable question.

Finally, why do some people shed or "moult" their horns at regular intervals? That is a question that would lead almost any anthropologist to tear his hair in desperation. For the answer appears to be completely unfathomable at this time.

At any rate, we do have horned people, plenty of them. And they are not horned by the Devil, that's one comfort. In fact, the development of horns may be a sign of superior intelligence, after all!

THE END

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WE WENT CORMORANT FISHING

(Continued from page 27)

possibilities there may have been to get directly in one of the fishing boats.

At length they showed us a place where sight-seeing boats could be rented. After a lengthy conversation with the proprietor—much pointing at the camera and waving of yen before his eyes—we secured passage on a long, flat-bottomed, gondola-type boat, called Ukaibune (U-KI-BOO-NAY), along with about twenty-five other passengers.

The river was covered with these boats. Some large, some small, but all full of excited chattering people, eagerly awaiting the first sight of the fishing boats. After our boat was loaded we pulled out into mid-stream to start the trek up river to meet the fishermen.

THE boatmen, appropriately called Sendos in Japanese, poled the boats with rhythmic infallibility and their small sinuous bodies gleamed from the light of the paper lanterns swinging lazily in the boats. The consistent crunching of the bamboo poles on the graveled bottom; the low hum of conversation; and the water lapping against the boat had a soothing effect.

Half an hour put us well up the river and we took our place near the shore, along with several dozen other boats. As we waited, small dugouts loaded with fireworks skirted their way in and out among the boats.

At last our waiting was rewarded! The lights of the first fishing boat had rounded a curve in the river and were steadily drawing nearer.

The boats were long canoe-shaped crafts manned by three people. Two poling to keep it free and aft in the current and one man in the bow to handle the birds.

From the very front of the boat a curved metal arm held a metal basket of burning wood about three feet above the water. The flames licked at the surface of the water and cast a bright illumination over the surrounding area. Under this light—diving, splashing, and making much ado—were the Cormorant birds. Their bodies are about the

size of a duck's. They have long necks, large eyes and a pointed beak. Their feet are webbed and they are very adept in the water.

Each bird had a small cord tied near the base of his neck and each boat had from ten to fifteen birds working the water under the fire. The cords are expertly handled by the man in the bow of the boat. The strings are used not only as a leash, but are tied in such a manner as to keep the birds from swallowing their catch.

As the lead boat neared our position we pulled away from the bank for a closer look. The many sight-seeing boats were vying for places near the fishing boats. We had previously bribed our boat captain, explaining our mission and the limitations of night photography, and after the ensuing scramble we found ourselves directly abreast of the fishermen at a distance of about twenty feet.

The next few minutes were a hodge-podge of flashing bulbs, film packs and shouting people, but all the excitement failed to ruffle the serene birds and the fishing continued as if there were no one for miles around. Our boat listed as the people crowded to one side and the Sendos poled on, rebuffing the would-be intruders of our choice position.

It seemed only a matter of seconds until we had covered the distance back downstream. In this seemingly short time, however, we accomplished our mission—the picture aspect at least—and got an eye witness account of the fishing.

AS we drifted along by the fishermen the birds greedily captured the fish with uncanny accuracy. The man handling the lines deftly kept them untangled as the birds swam and dove back and forth in constant search.

After a bird had succeeded in taking two or three fish, an easy tug on his line had him flying to the boat's gunwale where his catch was forcibly stripped from his throat. Undoubtedly frustrated, and still hungry, he was tossed back into the water for a repeat performance. This action continued throughout the night, each bird being relieved of his potential meal as it was caught.

The fishing over, the boats again lined the river banks and we took to the beach in search of a fishing boat. We found one without difficulty—the birds still in the water—and slipping off our shoes we waded through the cool shallow water for a close up shot. This accomplished, we talked them out of a fish for

closer examination. They are small scaled the silver sided, very resemblant of a smelt, averaging approximately five inches.

We left the dwindling crowds behind, walked across the moonlit river bottom and up the pathway to our jeep. No one said anything, it didn't seem necessary. But each of us had a feeling of spent pleasure and the knowledge of having experienced something which would capture the audience of any sportsman around the campfire.

THE END

THE VAMPIRE WOMEN OF TSU-TSU-KAN

(Continued from page 41)

and creese daggers. When the men noticed us, they stopped and stared at us suspiciously. Then one of the men arose and stepped toward us. He introduced himself, speaking in a dialect part Malay and part Javanese, which both Kennedy and I understood perfectly.

He told us his name was Da-Lu. Kennedy replied that we came as friendly visitors from the mainland. As proof of our good will, he held up one of the brightly colored shirts we had brought along. The other men looked goggled-eyed when they saw the shirt. They happily received the gifts from us.



I asked Da-Lu where the rest of the village's men were. He told me that some were on the far side of the island, fishing. It was important to have plenty of fish for drying because tomorrow the men were going to attack their enemies on the next island, and on their return they had planned to have a celebration feast. Others of the men were out hunting wild boar which was also to be eaten at the festivities.

Kennedy asked Da-Lu who was the chief of his tribe. The young man replied that the tribe had no chief, but was led, instead, by the *amahla*. Kennedy later explained to me that *amah* means nurse, and correspondingly, the *amahla* was the high priestess who looked over the tribe. She was usually the oldest woman in the village, one who had borne many offspring in her time and was respected for her wisdom on such matters as fertility.

I asked whether it would be possible to see the *amahla*. Da-Lu said that she was very busy in meditation, preparing curses against the enemies, but perhaps she may con-

sider the visit of friends good luck.

DA-LU took us to the largest hut in the midst of the dwellings. Attached to the wall on each side of its entrance was the skull of a wild boar. In many tribes, Kennedy told me, the wild boar is a symbol of fertility and courage. Inside we saw an old crone with a deeply wrinkled face. Da-Lu introduced us, and she smiled. Although she was obviously being friendly, I couldn't help but feel a chill of terror when I looked at her. I noticed that her teeth were chiseled to fine points, giving her smile a grotesque and diabolical appearance.

She bade us to sit down, and she told us her people were preparing for a punitive raid against their enemies tomorrow. The tribe that lives on the next island had been coming over and robbing the gardens of Tsu-Tsu-Kan, where the women had been expecting to reap their harvest of yams.

This was the worst transgression that could be made against these people, Kennedy explained later. Like other cultures in the Pacific

area where the women rule, these people look upon the garden as central in their lives. It represents their struggle against nature. It is as much a symbol of a woman's fertility as bearing children. It is the means by which the women determine their social status, for the one with the richest crops is held in the highest esteem by her people.

I was beginning to feel nauseous, and I noticed that Kennedy was looking green, also. I wanted to leave the island, but the *amahla*, smiling her hideous smile, told us we were to be her guests of honor to witness the event. Partly out of curiosity and partly out of fear as to what might happen to us if we refused, we accepted her weird invitation to watch the vampire women at work.

THE next morning, Kennedy and I were awakened in our huts by the beat of drums and blood-curdling cries from the outside. The men were doing their war dance. I looked out and saw that their faces

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were painted white, and they were wearing necklaces made of wild boar's teeth. Some carried bows and arrows, while others brandished knives which glistened in the sun. The men then filed down the path to the shore where their boats were waiting. The *amahla*—the chief vampire woman—was on the beach, uttering some weird incantations.

Suddenly becoming dizzy, I stretched out on my wicker cot. I thought about the British troops who ran into these people back in 1945 and about that dead native Kennedy and I discovered in the boat. What a horrible way to die!

I asked Kennedy what happened when these people were left alone and weren't robbed or involved. What did they use for strengthening blood? Kennedy replied that like the cannibals, the vampires are bound by a rigid moral code. When they are not at war, they drink the blood of an animal—probably that of a wild boar, here.

For three days, the men were gone. When they returned, we could hear their shouts as the boats reached the shore. It was obvious that they had been victorious. When they marched into the village, they were proudly leading their captive, whose hands they had tied. He was somewhat taller than the men of *Tsu-Tsu-Kan* and very well built. He walked in a proud manner, but his eyes betrayed a look of terror.

THAT evening, Kennedy and I were led to a place by the blazing bonfire as guests of the *amahla*. My heart thumped so hard, I could feel my pulse beating in my arms and legs. Kennedy was trying to affect a scientific aloofness, but I could see that he was both fascinated and frightened.

The *amahla* then made her appearance. Her face was painted white, and she held in each hand a skull of a wild boar. On one side of the bonfire stood the women of the village, all together. On the other side were the men, who held the bound captive in their midst.

THE festivities lasted until dawn. We didn't bother to sleep—in fact, we couldn't. By morning, we felt free to take leave of the island. The big event was over, and we had fulfilled our obligations.

The islanders cheerfully saw us to our boat. We were so dazed, horrified, and sick, we couldn't even eat. My vision was hazy. I could barely see the natives waving goodbye.

It was a good thing that Kennedy could drive the boat, I thought afterwards, but when we reached the mainland, my friend collapsed. I was too weak to lift or drag him, and it was too dangerous a part of the country to leave him alone.

I must have stood there for hours before some natives came. They took us to the hospital in Kuala Lumpur. Both Kennedy and I were described as suffering from hunger and shock. In fact, the doctor told me that I was gibbering crazily for hours.

I could remember none of this—the only thing that was on my mind was the nightmarish experience on *Tsu-Tsu-Kan*, which I knew would be seared into my memory forever.

THE END

ANIMAL CRACKERS

A DOG in Jasper, Ala., got so excited chasing a squirrel that he forgot he was a dog and climbed 30 feet up a tree after it. Then it suddenly came over him that he had no business up there and he howled until his master, Joe Honeycutt, came to his rescue.

Bill Cox, Princeton, Mo., farmer, noticed that his sheep had a strenuous time maintaining their balance during icy weather. So now he puts socks on them.

The grouse around Exeter, N. H., have been getting drunk regularly. Conservation officers figure that they have come to favor a berry that is partly distilled.

A lost and starving bird dog knew just where to go. He showed up at the home of Judge William J. Bacon in Memphis. Judge Bacon is president of the local Humane Society.

Officials have discovered who the thieves are who have been removing the nut bars from the candy vending machines in St. Louis' Forest Park without inserting any nickels. They're a bunch of squirrels.

WHEN WILL STALIN'S HATCHET-MAN STRIKE AGAIN?

(Continued from page 17)

who had sent many men to their death, seemed bothered by the intrusion of his caller when he was petting one of his rabbits. After listening to his request, however, he led the way into the Trotsky study at the rear of the house.

A few minutes later, the calm of the setting was shattered by sounds of a scuffle and a piercing shriek. Trotsky staggered to the door of the study. Blood streamed down his face. "Jackson" had buried the blade of the pickaxe into his skull. The pickaxe had been concealed in the folds of the raincoat.

Trotsky died on the following day in a Mexico City hospital. His death ended a 22-year feud with the Soviet Russian dictator, Stalin. No longer would Trotsky be hunted across continents. His tongue which had accused Stalin of poisoning Lenin was stilled. Stalin's hatchet man had done his job well.

The admonition to "make him talk" still is unfulfilled insofar as "Frank Jackson-Monard" is concerned. He had, so far, successfully defied the efforts of the Mexican police and reporters from many publications to make him "open up." His interrogators are impressed by the fact that he seems to fear something. He lies freely, but becomes abusive when questioned about his bludgeoning Trotsky or when questions are directed to him concerning his mother. Even when he was receiving an unmerciful pistol-whipping from Trotsky's guards, while the old revolutionary was lying in a pool of his own blood in the Trotsky study on that fatal August day, "Jackson-Monard" begged his attackers to kill him.

In his pocket was found a faked confession that he had been disillusioned by Trotsky and was determined not to follow Trotsky's orders to go to Russia by way of China to kill several of Stalin's functionaries. The only legitimate evidence on his person when the Mexican police took him in custody was the Canadian passport.

SIXTEEN years ago Tony Babich, a Vancouver, B.C., engineer, ob-

tained a Canadian passport by informing the Ottawa government that he intended to revisit his native Yugoslavia. The truth was that he was on his way to join a Canadian unit of the Communist International Brigade then defending Madrid against Franco.

It had become increasingly difficult for "volunteers" to obtain passports because Quebec Premier Duplessis was well aware that the "Canadian Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy," and "The League Against War and Fascism" were Communist fronts used to induce idealistic young Canadians to enlist with the anti-Franco forces in the Spanish Civil War. Premier Duplessis also knew that these volunteers provided many passports of value to Soviet Russia in its work for Stalin against the "capitalistic" nations.

Babich made his way to New York and then to Nueva Laredo, a small town just below the U.S.-Mexican border line where he joined other volunteers. At about the same time, Trotsky was seeing volunteers in the same town. Ironically, one of them could have been Babich, who carried the Canadian passport that was to be instrumental in ending Trotsky's life!

Shortly afterwards, Babich arrived in Spain and he was assigned to the "Mackenzie-Papineau" Battalion, a Canadian equivalent of the U.S. "Abraham Lincoln" Brigade. His passport was taken from him. It was explained that the document could not be taken into battle. A friend, Ignacy Witezak, who had joined up earlier, surrendered his Canadian passport and it turned up later in the hands of a Soviet agent in Canada!

Babich's passport was taken by courier to Moscow. Ordinarily, any amateur who tries to "doctor" a passport by using ink-remover leaves tell-tale "scars" which arouse the suspicion of any passport officer. In Russia, however, there are a number of expert forgers who specialize in doctoring captured passports and it is indeed difficult to detect them as phony.

His signature and description was erased and his photograph was removed. Another passport was now available for comintern use. It was to be used to gain access to Trotsky.

For several years other ranking Soviet officials, loyal to Leon Trotsky, had been eliminated either in bunches or singly by the ruthless men of Stalin. It was his plan to break up the framework of the Fourth Internationale headed by the exiled leader. This work had

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been done. Now it was time to complete the job by liquidating Trotsky.

IN the files of the comintern was the name of Eustasia Maria Caridad Mercader del Rio. She was Cuban-born and the widow of a Socialist agitator. She had lived in Paris and had been a fanatically loyal Communist worker since 1925. She had a son, Ramon Mercader, 22 years of age. He, too, was listed as a loyal party member. His mother had been serving as a Soviet courier between Paris, Brussels and Barcelona. Her work was to keep Spanish and French comrades from deviating from the party line. Her son had assisted her in this work.

She was ordered to Mexico, Ramon had received a bullet wound in the right arm while fighting against the Franco forces in Spain. When he was informed that his mother had been ordered to Mexico he knew that he, too, would soon be given a job to do for the Soviet cause.

The Central Committee in Russia had ordered David Alfaro Siqueiros, the Mexican mural painter, to Spain. He had tried to kill Trotsky, but without success. Siqueiros inducted Ramon Mercader into the "Artists' Anti-Fascist Union."

Ramon was told to go to Paris. Shortly afterwards, he was given Canadian passport 31377, the same one that had been issued to Tony Babich. It carried Ramon's photograph and the new name "Frank Jacson."

While Ramon Mercader-Frank Jacson was being briefed on his new and important role in the conspiracy, another phase of it was being worked out in New York City. Dr. Gregory Rabinovitch, the official representative of the Russian Red Cross in New York, had been assigned to work "Frank Jacson" into Trotsky's inner circle of adherents. This was no easy chore, for the fiery exile was protected by a fanatical group of followers who were ready to die, if necessary, to protect his person. The comintern gave Rabinovitch the names of two Trotskyites as persons who might make possible the opening into the inner circle in the Calle Viena home of Leon Trotsky.

These two persons were Hilda and Ruth Ageloff. Rabinovitch called on Louis Budenz, then editor of the New York Daily Worker. The secretary of Budenz was Ruby Weil, who had been instructed to cultivate the friendship of the Ageloff girls. Miss Weil learned that there were three sisters Ageloff. While she didn't make much progress with Hilda and Ruth, she did impress

the youngest sister, Sylvia, who was a public welfare worker in New York City.

Ruby cultivated the friendship of Sylvia to such an extent that the youngest Ageloff sister consented to join the Weil girl on a vacation trip to Paris. Of course, Sylvia Ageloff was not told that the funds for the voyage had been supplied from Soviet sources. In Paris, Ruby introduced Sylvia to "an old friend," Ramon Mercader, then using the name of Jacques Mornard.

"Mornard" turned on the charm (he had been fully briefed in advance about Sylvia and her contact with Trotsky through her sisters) and Sylvia, in turn, was quickly impressed by her intense "Latin lover."

It didn't take him long to learn that Ruth Ageloff had become a secretary in Trotsky's household. Sylvia returned to New York enthralled by her new romance, her love deepened by her belief that her lover shared her faith in the Trotsky Communist philosophy.

SHORTLY before the outbreak of World War II, "Frank Jacson" traveled to Canada and roomed in lodgings on St. Denis Street in Montreal. The rooms had been engaged previously by Soviet agents.

He rejoined Sylvia Ageloff in New York City and remained there long enough to keep her love for him aflame, and then he left for Mexico City, where he told her he had a job awaiting him as a representative for a British importing firm.

Sylvia visited him from time to time and she was so blinded by her infatuation for the man now known as "Frank Jacson" that she failed to note that his mode of living was considerably higher than that of a \$50 representative for an importing firm. He drove two cars and took her to the more expensive night clubs in Mexico City. They dined at the "Prendes," the exclusive Mexico City restaurant which was to supply his meals in jail!

In March, 1940, "Frank Jacson," accompanied by Sylvia, visited her sister, Ruth, in the home of Leon Trotsky for the first time. Two months later, Siqueiros' confederates poured machine-gun bullets into Trotsky's bedroom without "getting" their man. Now it was up to "Ramon Mercader-Frank Jacson-Mornard to succeed where the muralist had failed.

A confession was prepared for him, for his sponsors did not expect "Jacson" to survive an attack from Trotsky's henchmen and this "confession" was to provide a "motive" for the police. This was the

"confession" found in his pocket. The Russian secret police were anxious that nothing should connect Trotsky's murder with themselves. The cold-blooded sacrifice of "Jackson" was incidental. Moscow does not want a large segment of militant Communist idealists, but uses them to do the initial work and then denounces them as American agents and kills them if they are not killed by their intended victims or by agents for other countries. The victims of the Czechoslovakian purge and Gerhard Eisler's demotion in Eastern Berlin are typical cases of Communist fanatics who have outlived their usefulness insofar as their Kremlin masters are concerned.

A few days after "Frank Jacson's" successful attempt on Trotsky's life, his mother left Mexico for Russia. Silently, the Soviet agents closed in on him. He was defended by Octavio Ostos, one of Mexico's famed lawyers. He received a 20-year sentence. Steps were taken at once through a Communist party member who was in a key position as an official of the Juarez jail to see that he was made as comfortable as possible. In the first six years of his sentence he was supplied with the New York newspapers. He ate better food than his fellow prisoners. He was allowed visits from women twice weekly. These "allowances" were ended when the Communist party official was deposed from his position in the Juarez jail.

A rescue attempt was later followed by the American FBI, and Jacson waited out the rest of his term in prison, receiving no different treatment from the other inmates.

Now that he is to be released from Juarez Jail eight years before his 20-year term expires (time off for good behavior), counter-espionage agents of the U.S., Canada and Mexico will watch him closely. They believe that Jacson may prove more useful free than in prison. Though he never divulged the names of his "comrades," it is believed that they will not forget him.

One thing is certain—the Soviet spy ring will make sure Frank Jacson will not talk. Their speech-preventive methods, counter-espionage agents hope, will lead to the top leaders in this insidious spy ring. Then at last we may be able to get rid of the treacherous Red Menace—the secret Soviet spy system which is working continually in our country to try to undermine our government.

THE END

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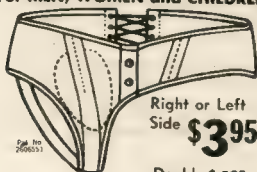
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THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT CHRISTINE

(Continued from page 9)

out recourse to medical treatment, was widely reported. In this instance, the slow assertion of dominance by the male sex hormones over the female "transformed" Dr. Elizabeth Forbes-Sempill into Dr. Ewan Forbes-Sempill. The transformation became public knowledge following the doctor's court application—which was granted—for a change of identity from female to male. Subsequently the new man married his housekeeper.



"Stop that mubling, Ella, and tell me how far we are from Kankakee."

Few persons realize the delicate system of balances that determine sex—or that all persons contain attributes of both sexes, both males and females producing hormones of the opposite sex. The normal adult female, for example, produces about 40% as many male hormones as does the normal male, while the normal male generally produces more female hormones than he does male hormones—incredible as it may seem. It is unbalances in the production of these combined hormones that determine abnormal development of characteristics of the "opposite" sex or hinder development of the "normal" sex.

Basically, sex determination appears to be quite simple. Of the twenty-four chromosomes produced in the egg by the female parent, one is a sex-determinant, known as the X chromosome. It is of large size, and can assist in the creation of only a female child.

The male, however, produces both X and Y chromosomes in about equal quantity, only one of these sex chromosomes, however, being among the twenty-four in any given sperm cell. The Y chromosome is the male sex determinant. Thus if, when a sperm cell unites with an egg cell to start a new life, the father has provided an X chromosome, the combination will be "XX" and the child can only be a girl. If, however, the father provides a Y chromosome, the combination will be "XY" and the child will be a boy.

It takes a little time for these combinations of chromosomes to definitely establish the sex of an unborn infant. Until about the age of four weeks, the foetus actually contains the rudimentary sex organs of both sexes. After that, however, one set normally ceases to develop while the other asserts predominance.

However, this process can easily be distorted. A disturbance in the developing endocrinological system of the foetus at about this time can bring about pseudo-hermaphroditism. After birth the development of tumors, for example, on certain endocrine glands can cause similar distortions. Often such malfunctions are correctable by surgical removal of the tumors accompanied by administration of the deficient sex hormones.

In the case of George-Christine, it is presumable that ovaries which failed to develop properly also failed to produce an adequate supply of the female sex hormones, resulting in a stultification of the development of feminine sexual characteristics and a superficial preponderance of male characteristics. In addition, other glands may have been affected, such as the pituitary, thyroid, interstitial cells of the uterus, adrenals, thymus, and others.

All of these glands produce hormones which directly affect a myriad of characteristics, including sexuality; the pituitary alone producing as many as nine different hormones. When these facts are realized, the complexity of trans-

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forming an apparent young man into a softly curved young woman with the complete personality and psychology of a woman becomes apparent.

Undoubtedly the course of treatments and surgery performed by Dr. Hamburger was highly successful, as shown by the comparative pictures of George and Christine and revealing insights into the personality changes as noted through conversation. There is little if any beard growth apparent on the new woman, for example, while the texture of the skin and the deposits of body fat underneath the skin reveal basic femininity. Whether or not Christine will require continuing hormone

treatments, lasting perhaps all her life, is not known to this writer. But that she is very happy to be a woman is obvious from her own statement and in her healthy preoccupation with matters feminine.

The progress of this case will be followed with interest, while if more "men" or "women" who feel—as George did—that their endocrines have played them a dirty trick and that perhaps they are superficially of the wrong sex would consult a competent endocrinologist for the purpose of ascertaining the real truth and undergoing corrective treatment, certainly many lives doomed otherwise to misery and tragedy would be made happy.

THE END

THE CON-MAN AND THE MILLIONAIRESS

(Continued from page 25)

"SYBIL FORBES!" I stuttered, my eyes popping. "But I thought she was altar-bought with her lawyer, Allen Blackwell."

"So did he . . . so did he. Been pressing his suit at her house for years. Bet he's had no said to him as many times as a sailor on a date with the minister's daughter."

"But why doesn't she marry him?"

"Well, Sybil's got sort of an ugly duckling complex. Just 'cause she don't measure up to Jane Russell she thinks no one could love her. She's sure every guy wants to marry her—not for better or for worse—but for more or less. See?"

I saw other things too that made my million-dollar hopes suddenly look like two cents.

"I heard Blackwell plead a case in court once," I said glumly. "His client's fingerprints were on the safe, the bullet came from his gun, the stolen cash was found in his pocket, and ten eye-witnesses saw him do it. Blackwell got him acquitted. What chance have I to out-talk a man like that?"

Spike's optimism was not even dented. "But you forget I got an inside track. I know how to sell her it's really her you love and not her do-re-mi. That's all that's holding her back. Once you get through that crust of ice she calls a skin, you'll find she's as man-hungry inside as any other female."

Spike hitched his chair closer to mine. "Now listen," he said.

And I listened. So help me, I should have grabbed my hat and

headed straight for Siberia. But I didn't. I listened.

ACCORDING to Spike the evening papers would carry a blind ad for a private secretary, male gender, at a not-to-be-sneezed-at salary, plus room and board.

"That'll be Sybil's," he said. "She never advertises by name—knows it would start a stampede second only to the Klondike Rush. We'll write your application now so it'll be first in. I know just what she wants—and that's just what you'll have."

"How come you know so much about it?"

Spike explained that he knew a man who knew a man who'd been fired from the job that morning—before he'd even had a chance to make a dishonest dollar. Guy couldn't figure how she'd gotten wise to him. He knew she had prowled through his belongings but there was nothing there to put the finger on him. Finally he 'guesstimated' his room must be wired so she could listen in to his private conversations. So he snooped around while he was packing and—sure enough—it was wired.

"Look behind the filing cabinet," said Spike.

"Suspicious little character, isn't she?"

"Ha!" hawed Spike. "Wait till you get hold of all those money-bags and I bet you'll have every key-hole in the place equipped with a private eye."

I made a quick mental note to also keep a tail on Spike twenty-

four hours a day when the time came.

Spike rattled on. "She'll put you through the same tests naturally. But you'll score one hundred plus, 'cause you've got the answers."

"I have?" I asked, slightly befuddled.

Spike looked at me like I was a mental delinquent. "Of course you have, Stupid. You know she spies. You know she listens. You can plant all the evidence you need. Don't you see? You could swear you loved her till you were black in the face—to her face—and all you'd get would be a dirty complexion. But let her find your secret diary, let her listen in while you confide to a trusted friend—meaning me—THAT she'll swallow."

Stupid. That's what Spike called me. Well, he can call me that again. 'Cause I fell for his scheme like a parachute jumper with no parachute.

We got busy and drafted the application letter, plus a few choice references from high-sounding names in far-away places. These were mailed as soon as the paper with the ad in it hit the streets.

Next, Spike gave me an advance of ten cents on my future fortune to buy a diary. Dating my first entry the month before, I filled in the intervening days with accounts of noble deeds and lofty thoughts, spurred on by Spike's twenty-horsepower imagination.

Every few minutes Spike would stop to advise me as to how pure young manhood should conduct himself. He'd say, "Remember now, if one of the maids want you to play Zip-the-Zipper with her, don't do it." Or "If there's a Marilyn Monroe calendar around, don't look at it." Or "If a loose ten-dollar bill tries to sneak into your pocket, put it back."

THE first part of our plan went off like an alarm clock. My summons came in the morning and by one I was sitting in the Forbes' palatial mansion being interviewed by the zillionaires herself.

One look at Sybil in the flesh and I realized the hardening of her heartieries had indeed progressed to an advanced stage. For if there were any soft spots in her nature, they sure didn't show with her clothes on.

She sat behind her desk, stiff and straight as a new steel-ribbed corset, and her hard blue eyes probed me like ice-picks.

Otherwise, Sybil wasn't half bad. True—she didn't have what Jane Russell has—not as much of it,

anyway; but still I'd have fallen for her if she'd only had half a million.

The second part of our plan also went off like an alarm clock. Sybil put me on a week's probation and that night I was installed in my new quarters, diary and all. This I hid in an easy-to-be-found place after adding a warm description of my charming employer. Sort of a teaser to insure her reading the ensuing installments.

Upon returning from an errand the next day, I was pleased to note said diary had veered slightly to the left, and Sybil had thrown away her ice-picks. One more entry, and she threw away her corset.

Each night I bore down a little heavier on the pen. And each day Sybil got softer and dreamier. Soon my passion was blazing so high the pages started curling at the edges; and Sybil was smiling and blushing and flutter-fluttering around like a love-bird looking for a nest.

It was high time to look up Spike and plan the clincher.

WHEN Spike opened the door he greeted me like I was his long-lost father. "Jerry," he yelled. "What's the good news? You got her softened up enough for easy handling?"

"Have I?" I crowed. "If we don't work fast we'll have to use spoons." "We'll work fast all right. We've got to get her 'I do' recorded before Blackwell hears about you and starts checking."

Spike's mind started clicking on all cylinders. So did his tongue. "Tomorrow we'll stage our little heart-to-heart talk by the cabinet. Make sure Sybil knows an old friend is coming so she'll be Johnny-at-the-rathole."

Like a director of a ham movie, Spike jumped to his feet and gave a dramatic play-by-play account of the proposed scenario:

"Here's what we'll do. I'll ask you what's the matter?—What makes you look like your last friend just took a one-way trip to the bottom of the ocean? Then you weep on my shoulder. Say you're dying of a hopeless love 'cause the only dame for you in all the universe is so wonderful and rich and you are but a poor honest gentleman."

"Then I say you're crazy. Any woman would be proud to have for her husband such a fine upstanding man, so handsome, intelligent, noble, refined, industrious."

"Easy, Spike. My diary has taken care of all that."

"Sure, but it won't hurt to sum it up again. I'll say your Sybil should consider herself lucky to



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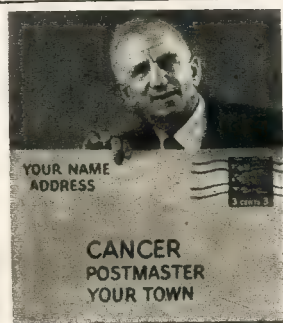
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Lake Schoodic this week and sort of take it easy, forget all about business, medicine—might do us both a world of good. What do you say?"

The young doctor looked up at the older man. "Uncle Les, did you ever hear two people arguing in another room or another part of the house? That's just the way it was, kind of muffled and indistinct but it was there, I'm positive!"

"Get a good night's sleep, Johnny," the older man said. "I'll pick you up at nine o'clock Saturday morning."

BUT that's a date the two doctors didn't get to keep because fate had other plans in mind for the confused Dr. Robinson. His little blue coupe left the road just

a mile and a half from his uncle's house. That's where they found him the next morning, still pinned under the smashed wreckage.

This is far from the end of the story, because a few months later Martha Benson entered the State Medical Center, and gave birth to twins. Twin boys to be exact. The first born was a healthy squawling red-faced baby, the next? Well . . . sadly enough he was gone, dead before birth. And I, Dr. Leslie Griffen, had to sign the death certificate.

The end? No, not quite, for this part of the story is my secret—mine to keep until I die. You see, the second little fellow had died from strangulation. And imprinted on his tiny throat were the marks of a pair of baby hands.

THE END

JUSTICE DEFERRED

(Continued from page 39)

ent. When I came out of it this morning, I was fully dressed and two blocks from home. I had the kitchen carver in my hand, but, thank God, there was no body at my feet. You see what a spot I'm in, Serg—Inspector? Now do you see why I need your help?"

We couldn't do much to help Rocky Tacon. We took his name and all particulars, we referred him to a good psychiatrist, then we bundled him into a cruiser and sent him home. We didn't think he'd ever get around to killing, not even in his sleep. He just wasn't the type. We talked it over for a while, then we flicked Rocky from our minds like you'd flick a speck of dust from a navy suit.

TWO mornings later around 3:30 a.m., Rocky came to the station again, but not under his own power. This time he came in on the arms of two burly cops, and this time, his clothes weren't drenched with rain. They were splattered from head to foot with blood. He didn't say a thing when he saw John and me. He just stared right through us, condemning us with his bloodshot eyes, forcing us to share his guilt. I stepped over to lay a hand on his shoulder, to murmur a word of sympathy, but he snarled out an oath and pushed me away as if I were just so much scum.

Rocky Tacon didn't stand much of a chance when he got on the stand. He had signed a full confession and he insisted on pleading guilty. He did everything possible to hinder the case of the

defense, and he helped the prosecuting attorney whenever an opportunity occurred. John and I pleaded for him, but the prosecutor twisted our evidence until Rocky's first visit to the station was made to look like part of a premeditated plan. Even then there might have been doubt in the minds of the jury and Rocky may have made the grade with manslaughter and a couple of years. But the prosecutor kept pounding into the jury that it was the most brutal killing that Canada had ever known. Then he came up with a motive that completely disintegrated the defense's already tottering case, and we could see that the jury was sold. They retired for fifteen minutes then came out with the inevitable verdict—guilty!

And so, three months later while John and I squirmed as eight mournful chimes beat a tattoo on our brains, Rocky stepped up to a newly-built platform—and died.

But as John put it, now that it's all over, maybe it was better that way. Had the kid been spared, in his mind he would have died a thousand deaths a year for the rest of his life. You see, it was this way. When Rocky Tacon had his last nightmare, when he walked into the kitchen and picked up the carver, he didn't leave the house. That's what made it so gruesome, so ghastly. You see, Rocky stepped from the kitchen to his mother's bedroom. It was there that he used the knife.

THE END

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SIR! SAVES A MAN FROM THE ELECTRIC CHAIR

(Continued from page 13)

this probably would never have happened . . . But if they had treated me right . . . They didn't like my conduct or my ideas . . . They tried to beat them out of me . . . The older I grew the harder they beat me . . . I didn't know what to do so I left San Francisco when I was 13 . . . I ran away from the boarding house they put me in . . . I threw some clothes in a bag with a gun and beat it . . . It made no difference where . . . Just as long as it was far away . . . I came to Florida and killed someone . . . Just like they told me I would some day. I shot him ten times and here I am waiting to die myself. . . .

" . . . I didn't finish school, but I told myself when I left home that the gun I was taking with me was going to get me into some trouble . . . And it did . . . It got me into real trouble. But for some reason I always felt that I would have to die this way . . . For killing someone . . . They even told me I would kill someday . . . and they were right . . ."

The boy got up from his hard bunk in the dungeon-like all-steel room and looked eagerly to right and left, gazed intently at every object and could not fix his eyes on anything. He was nervous; everything inside him seemed to have collapsed, giving way to a frenzy of horror and fear.

" . . . Can't we? Will the guards? . . . I have a reason . . .?"

There was still this something incoherent about him—as though all this was part of a dream, as though all his life was a dream whose "why" and "wherefors" he was trying to fathom, but couldn't—but what he meant was that someone else, prison guards maybe, might hear what he was telling me. Why he didn't want them to know. The death cell door was open, and just beyond it—the only place one could go from here—was the death chamber. He meant we should go in there where we wouldn't be overheard. Why he wanted to go in there, I don't know, but I asked the prison guard who

stood just outside the death cell if it would be all right. He said we could. A soft breeze came through the death chamber door and as the prisoner started to enter he paused a moment and took a deep long breath and then exhaled it slowly before going inside.

The photographer and I followed him into the room. The door closed behind us and we were alone in the tight silence of the execution chamber.

" . . . I've always had a premonition I'd someday be placed in an electric chair and I guess this is the one . . . It scares me when I look at it and think about dying there."

The words faded away from him, hazed out to a distance, like a bad telephone connection. He watched in fascination, his gaze locked on the electric chair.

A few moments of silence followed when he looked more closely at the chair. He was actually examining the thing to see how it worked. While my eyes could hardly believe what they saw, he took hold of the wheel that sends the charge into the doomed man and started to work it. He explained how the chair jerked and squeaked when the wheel was turned and how long it took the charge to put the man to his death. I don't know how he knew that, and I was so startled I forgot to ask him.

" . . . It scares me," he said, " . . . But now I can't bring myself to believe that I'll die there . . ."

Then, as though this were all part of a play and he was acting his part, that none of this was real, that it wasn't really happening—he sat down in the electric chair. He bent down, drawing up his pants leg, and pressed the electrode into his skin to see how it felt. He looked up at me with that unreal smile but said nothing. He leaned his elbows on his knees and squeezed his head in his hands. I went over beside him and he got up from the chair. He stood beside it and explained in detail the workings to me. That was when one of the pictures you see with this story was taken.

" . . . You can tell the people out there that they are wrong. I was wrong too. They like to picture a murderer as a mad or crazy man. I used to think so too, but now I'm a murderer and I don't feel that way any more . . . It's not hard to be a murderer . . . It's not hard at all . . ."

As he talked with that rapid look, with his incoherent, unreal way of

looking at me and saying what he did, we stood in front of the electric chair. I remembered, trying to understand what was going on in the haze of his mind, that one of the keepers had told me that nearly always when the guards passed his cell Hatton would point his fingers like a gun at them and make that noise all young boys make when they pretend they're firing arms. He—still was a boy. When he had committed his crime he had been only 18. Perhaps that explained him. I don't know. I'd never seen anything like this.

" . . . I don't know why I left San Francisco . . . I guess it was because they beat me like they did," he said, acting as though he was still trying to find a reason why he had killed. "I can't see why . . . I don't think I'd have any reason . . ."

He meant he wouldn't have committed murder if . . . But somehow it had happened and he didn't know why.

" . . . If I could have stayed there a while longer I might never have done it," he said, speaking again of his earlier life in San Francisco . . . "And I wouldn't be here. Sometimes I get mad . . . My mother asked that they put me away because she said I needed treatment . . . That I was dangerous . . . That was just before they put me away in the boarding house . . . But the doctors in the bug house where they examined me said there was nothing wrong with me. A psychiatrist told me a few years before, though, that I had the making of a clever killer and that someday I would murder. Yes, I killed, but there was nothing clever about it . . . There's no such thing, a clever killer . . . They took me to the hospital when they brought me here and they said there was nothing wrong with me. What funny questions they asked! What would I do if I was standing between railroad tracks and saw a train coming? Naturally, I'd jump out of the way . . . And that's just what I told them . . . And they tried the 'block' treatment on me, the same thing they did in the other bug house . . ."

THE prisoner fixed his brown, glittering eyes upon my face and bit his lip and then began telling of the crucial, dramatic moments when he murdered. He explained, step by step, how he had fired ten bullets into his victim and how he had attempted to get away after the shooting. He told how a nine-man posse caught him less

than an hour after the shooting.

He grabbed his visitor's paper and pencil and made some markings that were supposed to represent a road. That was how he had fled from the crime and then had wrecked the automobile he had stolen. Up the road was the hardware store where he had stolen the rifle. He had started shooting at the people gathered around the accident, or over their heads to scare them away, as he said. He gave up the attempt to make the drawing. He made only a few scratches.

"... See that ring? I've always liked that ring... I like knives and guns too. I guess that's why they told me that someday I was going to murder someone. That was my gun I shot him with, a .22 calibre pistol—but I lost it when I tried to get away. I had it all the way from California and the knife they found there at the killing, that was mine too. He tried to steal it from me... But I don't know why I shot him... I just don't know why..."

He looked at me as though I were someone he didn't quite understand, either. What was he do-

ing here talking to me? What was this all about? But always in front of him was the electric chair, to remind him.

"... You know what? About me? My lawyer came to my cell and talked to me for half an hour. You know what he said. He said I was crazy... He said he thought I was crazy..."

Crazy? What kind of a man—or boy—is it who can sit and talk about things like that, with the electric chair in front of him, who can walk over to it and try the controls that will send him to his doom, can even sit in it? Crazy? What kind of a person is it who lives in a kind of dream, looking out from it at reality and trying to fathom what reality really is, what it is going to do to him. They told him he was going to kill years before he had committed his crime; they had known then. Once he even had himself put away because he feared what might happen. Crazy? No, they adjudged him sane because he knew the answer about getting off the railroad tracks when a train was coming.

"... They won't have any trouble

with me because they know what is best for me. Since I've been here I've seen more than 20 men pass my cell and go on to the electric chair. I sat down in that chair once, but when I did I knew I was going to get back up—alive..."

He looked at me again, still with that incredulous look. Tears had formed in his eyes when he spoke that last sentence.

Just then the door to the death chamber opened and the captain of the guards stood there waiting for this boy to come and return to his old cell. He looked at me a last time, with that queer, twisted wondering smile coming to his face.

He started his walk back to the cell but stopped a moment to take a deep breath, to collect himself, so as to enter like a man. Then he wiped his eyes with his hands and disappeared down the dismal gray corridor with a prison guard at his side.

He would enter this room again, when...

Or will Governor Fuller Warren refuse to let this unhappy, youthful murderer die?

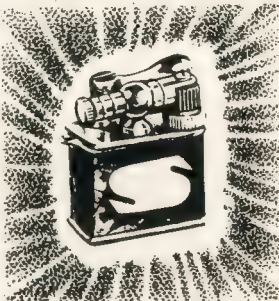
THE END

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ENGLAND'S MAN-EATING EXPLORERS

(Continued from page 45)

Histories written about the early explorations in Australia are filled with arrogance and misunderstandings in regard to the natives. Captain Charles Sturt, who also cruised up the Murrumbidgee River, described the aborigines as wicked and not to be trusted. This belief about them persisted until the late 1920's. When Sturt first came across the black people, he found that they had amassed around the shore where he wanted to land. He ordered a few shots fired into their midst to frighten them. To his surprise, the aborigines showed no fear, and held their ground.

Sturt ordered another round of shots fired, this time causing the death of two natives, but the rest still would not retreat. On the basis of this experience, Sturt felt compelled to write, "These creatures are not like men."

Carver, however, in his infamous papers, wrote that the more natives he came across, the more convinced he became that they really were animals. As he and his crew made their way up the Murrumbidgee River, they met many tribes of varying colors—from dark brown to pale tan. "These creatures seem to exist without clothing, or shelter, or apparent source of food," Carver said. "They are like the dingoes or the kangaroos. When in need of water, they have the animal scent for seeking out underground streams. Often my men, while taking hikes over the hills that line the river bed, got lost and were in jeopardy of dying from thirst. These black creatures saved their lives by showing them to hidden sources of water."

When Carver and his men discovered that the store ships from England were unreliable, they began to cultivate a taste for bushman flesh which ultimately became insatiable. In 1831, Carver wrote, "Today we cooked a young one. We prepared a fire, and then set up the equipment for a barbecue, which consisted of my sword and two sturdy forked branches upon which it would rest. Since there were ten of us, the animal would suffice for us all. Simmons, still feeling queasy, insisted upon decapitating the creature before roasting it. I had no objections, nor did the rest of the men. It made an excellent roast, not tough like the adult of the species. We quar-

tered the animal and then sliced it up, serving to every man portions from each part of the carcass. It was delicious."

LIKE what had occurred in North America, the natives retaliated in kind against the English. Many aborigines staged fierce raids, and killed many explorers and settlers. Some of the bushmen even went so far as to seek revenge by practicing cannibalism upon the white men.

Eating human flesh, however, has long been a custom of the aborigines. In fact, among some tribes, it is still practiced today. Yet, we must remember that such acts are part of a profound culture pattern which governs the way these people live. Where the Australian government has succeeded in persuading the natives to stop cannibalism, it has done so by exhibiting an understanding of the philosophy and moral code of the bushman.

On the other hand, the cannibalism that Carver and his men perpetrated was nothing more than an exhibition of arrogant disregard for a strange people.

It is difficult to say how many bushmen these explorers ate. Carver always seemed gnawed by the suspicion that these black creatures were human after all, despite the fact that there are at least eighteen passages in his writings where he expressed his conviction that they were animals. It appears as though the captain was compelled to keep reassuring himself of his belief.

Equally indefensible is Carver's contention that he and his men would have starved to death had they not eaten aborigine flesh. He took note of the cannibalism practiced among the bushmen. The fact is, however, that the natives did not live by eating each other. They would cook rabbits, bushy ant eaters, snakes, dingoes, and lizards. If these animals weren't available, they'd have edible worms, honey, beetles, and ants. Often they ate the roots of the bushes that abound in the area. In view of all this, it is hard to understand what drove these English explorers to the degraded practice of consuming human flesh!

But Captain Carver finally met his Waterloo at the hands of the fierce and proud Wirongi tribe on the banks of the Murrumbidgee

River. Carver and his men were gluttonously feasting on the remains of a young girl who happened to be the daughter of the Wirongi chief. Warriors of the tribe discovered this, and having the Englishmen surrounded, began to attack them with spears. Carver was struck in the leg, others were killed, and the rest fled.

Two days later, a group of Wirongis came into the camp of Captain Sturt carrying the head of Carver. As Sturt wrote, "It was bloody, but I could still see the expression of utter agony with which he must have died. One of the aborigines told me that the chief had eaten the rest of Carver's body to regain as much of his daughter as he could."

When Captain Sturt took over what remained of Carver's men and absorbed them into his company, he put a stop to the infamous practice of cannibalism in which they had indulged. Severe as his attitude was toward the aborigines, Sturt made it clear that he would not tolerate any of his men eating the flesh of natives.

IN 1831, Captain Edwin Bank related another gruesome incident concerning cannibalism that took place while exploring the coast of Western Australia, near where Perth is now located. Five of Banks' seamen had gone ashore where they killed and ate a native. When they

returned, one of the men took sick and confessed to what had taken place. Banks was shocked.

"There was plenty of food aboard ship," he wrote. "I will never know what impelled these men to such mischief. I had ordered them to scout the area and to communicate with whatever natives were around. I wanted no hostilities, as it would impair the solemn mission I was on for His Majesty, the King, to explore this strange new continent. I had no other choice but to consign these men to the brig."

The men were eventually court-martialed and hanged for disobeying orders. Unlike Sturt and Carver, Banks felt no innate animosity toward the bushmen. He found their habits "strange and curious," and he was disturbed by the widespread "unfaithfulness of the husbands towards their wives." He observed that the "natives were shy, yet in view of the barbaric practices committed against them by so many white men, this fact is not hard to accept."

With leaders like Captain Banks and Sturt coming to the fore, British explorers were forced to submerge their feelings of arrogance to the point that their practice of cannibalism finally went out of existence. By the end of the year 1831, the most villainous chapter in the history of the English Empire was ended!

THE END

SAN JUAN—SIN TRAP OF THE CARIBBEAN

(Continued from page 21)

Remember that the entire economic setup of the island is based on sugar cane, and sugar cane in this part of the country means rum. Rum all but runs out of the public fountains in the numerous public squares and a license to sell it can be had for pennies. There's no age limit for buying the stuff and practically no supervision of the places which dispense it. You can buy a wax paper jelly cup full for five cents and a water glass full for twenty cents. Any time two people get together for anything, it's time to have a *palo*, or shot of rum. Rum is an essential ingredient of life in San Juan, and possibly this in itself contributes to the free-wheeling attitude that officialdom and citizen alike take toward sin in all its many and varied forms.

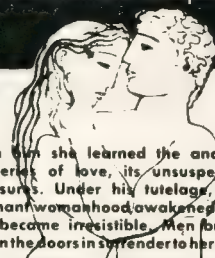
SAN Juan was one of the very first settlements founded by the

Spanish in the New World. Its history has been tumultuous and tawdry. A Spanish possession for centuries, it became a United States protectorate after the Spanish-American War and in 1952, for the first time became a political entity. Now it operates as a Commonwealth of the U.S. with the title of The Free State of Puerto Rico. However, the U.S. is not taking any chances of being accused of high-handedness, so local control is still very much local control.

Many of the streets retain the atmosphere of an early 18th century Spanish town. Narrow, dark, picturesque cobblestone streets have colorful verandas overhanging them and it is in this area now called "Old San Juan," that the most flagrant, noisy and open joints operate, just two blocks from the headquarters of the Insular Governor.

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(Continued on page 75)

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Continued from page 74

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Or maybe you'd like to combine the bounce of gambling with the age-old thrill of flowing blood. Just for a warmup go out to one of the legalized *galleras* and watch two of the fiercest fowls in the world cut each other to bloody ribbons. These gamecocks were originally imported from Spain, and are the bravest and most savage fighting machines ever evolved. There's plenty of blood and betting, even in this legal variety. If you want to risk a grand on a bird of your choice, just raise your hand. You'll be covered. No handshakes or notaries public to bind the deal. If your bird wins, the Latin gentleman will be around to pay off—and brother, be prepared to do the same.

Out in the country they dislike all that folderol surrounding the licenses, regulations, etc. of legal cockfighting. So they stage their own little affairs away from the noseey *guardia* and these affairs are really the ultimate in bloodletting. The formal rules of the cockfight don't apply here and the betting really reaches a fever pitch. But if you decide to lay part of your roll on a cock you like, pay off—repeat—pay off. These insular hillbillies sport a foot-and-a-half razor-sharp machete as standard equipment to take care of things like shaving in the morning or carving up a welcher.

AS is the rule in most port towns, the toughest element of both sexes tends to drift toward the docks—and the docks of San Juan produce the biggest, blackest, toughest stevedores and longshoremen of any port in the world. These human horses take their fun at any hour of the day when they happen to have a few spare moments and the dives across from the waterfront have the most assorted and sordid array of ladies of leisure to be found anywhere. This is the last stop on the ancient road of harlotry and they work hard at it. At ten or eleven o'clock

in the morning these joints are jumping with behemoth black, half-naked dockmen swinging these aged and beaten strumpets to the wild music of an Afro-Cuban record on a screaming jukebox.

These dives are no place for a well-dressed tourist unless he happens to be accompanied by a platoon of Marines. Be satisfied to just drive slowly down Fernandez Juncos Avenue toward Santurce. But don't stop in for a drink. They just won't like it.

Around Stop Fifteen in Santurce (the trolleys are long gone but everything is geographically located by the former stops) stand in the shadows for a few minutes and you may be approached by a zoot-suited character pushing marijuana. He can get "junk" for you also. However, Puerto Rico is more notorious as a terminal point in the transfer of dope than the actual user of such. The low income of the vast majority of Puerto Ricans just doesn't allow them any extra money for experimental purposes.

Also around Stop Fifteen is the hangout area for the petty thieves, the strong-arm muggers, the procurers and the pickpockets. Here, also, and unfortunately for the tourist, are the small native restaurants where you should savor the delights of the delicious *lechón asado*, roast pig, *mondongo*, or tripe stew, and *empanadas* or chicken fried steak.

The sporting gentleman may avail himself also of any of the three race tracks which operate the betting on a parimutuel basis. The Latin fever for gambling has devised a new wrinkle which is popular here also. One may bet and never go near the track and not through the traditional bookie. The system sells, for a few cents, blank betting charts on the daily races. Simply fill in the names of the winners, all of them in all the six or seven races, and you reap a fabulous fortune. Two million of these tickets are sold a year.

REFORM certainly seems to be in order for San Juan. Conditions are admittedly bad and enforcement of vice laws negligible. However, the elementary character of the sins of this lusty city makes quick reformation difficult. Tradition, even the tradition of sin, is difficult to break. Somehow in the climate of the island, the picturesque quality of the town, in the general atmosphere created by the huge walls of the fort and the history of the place you expect some little sin, and possibly would even

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admit that you missed it if it weren't there.

Poverty begets vice, and poverty is the everpresent bogeyman in Puerto Rico. The factory girl, if she can get work, may make ten dollars a week. It isn't hard to imagine a girl throwing a couple of inhibitions out the window when she hears about a neighbor girl making twenty dollars for an hour's work.

It's been going on like that for a good many generations and when you look at this aging and wicked old island jade you feel more or less about her as you might feel about an openly sinful old aunt on your father's side of the family. You know she's bad and yet she seems to get such a bounce out of it that it's hard to get really mad at the old girl.

THE END

THE EFFEMINATE KILLERS

(Continued from page 15)

There's no doubt about Juan's courage. He knows that if he stays in the area long enough, *el toro* will surely get him. He is not getting any younger; he is now thirty-six years of age, old for a toreador. Some of his former flashing speed and dazzling coordination has gone, but for this loss he compensates with veteran knowledge and experience.

Yet he has no intention of quitting. Bull-fighting is in his blood, just as the lure of the squared circle and the thud of sweaty gloves is in the blood of many a veteran boxer. "When I finally get the goring that will put an end to my professional career," he once told me calmly, "I only hope it won't be well, too bad. Then I'll cut off my *coleta* (the symbolic hairlock worn by matadors) cheerfully and gratefully, and retire with dignity."

I first became acquainted with Juan years ago when, as a sports reporter, I was assigned to cover bullfights. When a more experienced reporter told me that Juan—and many others in the bull ring—was a homosexual, I did not believe him. Observation has since convinced me of the truth of his statement.

I learned that many great conquerors had also been attracted by members of their own sex, among them Alexander the Great and Julius Caesar. Napoleon Bonaparte always had a lurking fear that he was a homosexual; this drove him to "cover up" by acting with aggressive masculinity, particularly in regard to women. From a study by Dr. Lewis Terman and Dr. Catherine Cox Miles, who conducted exhaustive research on male and female temperaments which they published in their book *Sex and*

Personality, I found to my surprise that men with pronounced feminine traits—though not necessarily "queer"—often seek employment as firemen and policemen. Many become professional "strong men."

In the case of Juan, he was gallant toward the female sex, even talking sometimes like a "Don Juan." His paramour of many years, however, was a *capa*—a very feminine-acting youth who liked nothing better than to dress in female clothing and impersonate a woman.

I had learned that these unfortunate are often attracted to the arts, and bullfighting—with all its pageantry and stylized routines—is primarily an art. In some ways it is closely akin to ballet dancing—and many great male ballet dancers have been homosexuals, I knew.

When Juan kills a bull, it is often



"I told you planes weren't safe!"

sheer poetry. Many times I have seen him take his red muleta or cape in left hand and his slim sword in his right and tease the maddened animal into charge after charge, evading the beast's rushes in the last split-second. His highly-specialized feints and sidesteps—*veronicas, recortes*, and so on—are as involved and difficult to perform as any feats of gymnastics seen on the ballet stage, while his life itself hinges on the skill with which he executes them.

Sometimes, when a bull has failed to charge, I have seen Juan reverse the process and charge the animal, a feat that requires a maximum of courage and skill. And, at the last moment, he almost invariably kills the beast with a single thrust between the left shoulder and the blade. If he failed to do this, he would no longer be in the ranks of the top matadors, commanding an income equal to that of many of our movie stars.

JUAN is primarily an artist who is also driven to demonstrate his masculinity, so that the world in general will not suspect that he is an invert. Bullfighting offers him an unparalleled opportunity to do both of these things.

In addition, it gives him an opportunity to exercise a streak of sad-masochism which exists in many queers. Anybody who has ever seen a bullfight knows that it is not a humane sport. Very often, even before the bull is driven into the ring, it is jabbed in the shoulder with an iron implement shaped something like an oversize fishhook, so that it plunges into the arena maddened with pain. The picadors—mounted on blindfolded horses (another refinement of cruelty)—goad the animal further with steel-tipped lances. And the banderilleros add to the torture by planting fendish barbs in the bull's shoulders. Long before the final kill, the animal is a crimson horror.

A great many homosexuals, tortured subconsciously by the awareness that they are not normal, compensate for this torment by torturing others. In the bullring, he has many opportunities to satisfy this sadistic tendency. He also gets a masochistic thrill from the awareness that at any instant he may be injured or even killed.

(Please bear in mind that I am not implying that all bullfighters are sadists or masochists or both. Many are completely impersonal concerning their occupation, just as many prizefighters are not in the least cruel or anxious to be beaten to a pulp. And I also do not intend

to imply that all bullfighters—or even a high proportion—are homosexuals; they are not.

(But that the pageantry, the opportunity to "show off" before vast throngs, the high values placed on personal courage and skill, and the opportunities to torture and be tortured attract many homosexuals to the bull ring, have no doubt.)

There is another reason why queers are attracted by bullfighting. Like members of many of the arts, bullfighters are extremely clannish and live in a little world of their own. They are secretive about the private lives of their group, just as are actors, musicians, painters, and other artists in all fields. If a bullfighter is a homosexual, other members of the clan may know about it and talk about it among themselves, but they do not reveal the fact to the general public. This gives queers in the group a feeling of confidence in the inviolability of their secret that they would not feel in many other fields.

Finally, men who work in the bull ring spend a great deal of time together, often under circumstances where feminine companionship is not easily attainable. They spend much time in the country, on the ranches and farms of enthusiasts who raise fighting bulls, perfecting their art and also training the animals to give a good accounting of themselves on the day of slaughter. This is as true of young boys who start as lowly *capas*, whose job is to distract the bulls with red capes in an emergency, as it is of the picadors, banderilleros, and matadors.

Even in the cities they preserve this clannish attitude. They have their own hotels and cafes—usually quiet side-street places—which they prefer to frequent, shunning the general public except when they are in the ring. Their greatest pastime is to talk "shop," and they can do this only with their own kind.

So it is easy to see why men like Juan and his *capa* paramour have infiltrated the bullfighting profession. An encouraging fact is that both of these men—and I hope many others—are sincerely wretched because of their inversion. Both would like to be cured and lead normal lives, and both have been talking recently of seeking psychiatric treatment, which offers their only chance of cure.

Let us hope that they will do just that. For every homosexual—however brave or defiant he may be—is perpetually miserable at heart. This is true even if he is one of the world's greatest bullfighters—as is the case with Juan.

THE END

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ARE SEX GLANDS RELATED TO LONGEVITY?

(Continued from page 11)

twenties—that "his wife did not notice his real age."

Following Parr's death, an autopsy was performed by the renowned physician William Harvey, who incidentally was the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. Dr. Harvey reported that "... the body was muscular, the chest hairy and the hair of the forearms still black ... the heart was healthy, the bones not very brittle as they are usually at an advanced age but flexible and singularly firm."

The list of examples could be extended almost indefinitely, but there are sufficient to show that there are many human males in whom potency and longevity appear to be closely associated. In fact, persons like these—whom we ordinarily consider the exceptions—may actually be of normal health as Nature originally designed, while the vast majority of us burn ourselves out prematurely, due to the stresses and strains of modern living, inadequate diet, sexual and other excesses, insufficient fresh air, exercise, and rest, and a multitude of other causes all of which have a deleterious effect on our glandular systems, including our sex glands.

For example, the Kinsey report on *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* contains a section on *Age and Sexual Outlet* which appears to indicate that the majority of us age sexually with excessive speed, as compared with the men noted above. Although the data are based on a relatively small number of case histories, their significance is highly disturbing.

Kinsey found that at age 20, only one-tenth of one percent of the males queried were impotent; at age 50 it had increased to 6.7 percent; at age 65 it was 25 percent; and at age 80, 75 percent.

THE Kinsey report also shows wide variance in capacity at all ages, showing that relative potency is a matter of individual power. What is the connection between such potency and the glandular system?

It is well-established that castrated males never attain physical maturity in the true sense if the operation is performed prior to the attainment of puberty, and that potency is rapidly lost in the case of males on whom the operation is performed after physical adulthood is reached. In either case, the individual does not live long.

This would seem to substantiate the observation by Hufeland in his *Makrobiotik* that, "The male semen is intended not only for excretion, but even more so for absorption by the blood for our own invigoration." More recent investigations have shown that Hufeland was in part wrong; the semen is not absorbed into the blood-stream, but other products of the sex glands are, and have a tremendous effect upon the entire body. These are the sex hormones or "chemical messengers"—so called because they are normally dispatched to various parts of the body as needed in order to restore proper functioning of the various cells and organs. Although they are primarily concerned with sexuality, they actually play an important part in the functioning of the entire organism.

In the male, these sex hormones or male endocrines are produced in the cortex or external layers of the testes; in the female they are similarly produced in the ovaries. Particularly they are known in the male as androgens; in the female as estrogens, but these are generalities, for actually there are several sex hormones, secreted by various glands of the endocrine system.

To what extent do these sex hormones influence aging?

According to the famous Russian scientist Dr. Alexander A. Bogolomolets, one of the world's greatest authorities on the causes of old age, "abnormal sexual maturity in children, accompanied by an excessive influence of the hormones of the sex glands, results in a rapid aging of the person ... The significance

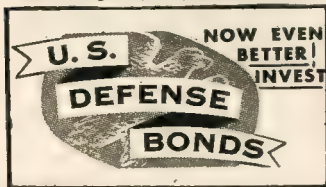
of (these glands) ... as a rejuvenating factor that keeps up the tone of the organism, although often highly exaggerated, is definitely beyond question ..."

Not so long ago the administration of hormones produced by the sex glands as a means of restoring potency and rejuvenating the entire system was widely ridiculed. Two of the greatest victims were the late Dr. Serge Voronoff, who was castigated as the "monkey man" because he experimented with the transplantation of testicular tissue from apes to elderly men, and Dr. Eugene Steinach, who obtained the testicular tissues of executed criminals, and also used animal tissues. Today, both have been proven basically right, as is evidenced by the widespread experimentation in and use of sex hormones today.

ALSO well-established is the close connection between decreased production of sex hormones and the so-called "change of life" which occurs in both females and males, but is usually far more obvious in females. According to Drs. Prados and Ruddick, decline in the production of male sex hormones is "most obvious and rapid between the ages of 40 and 50, and at the age of 60 androgen production approaches that of puberty ..." Similar decrease in estrogen production is often noted in females at the time of incidence of the menopause, while for both sexes proper supplementary sex hormone treatments are now frequently administered to alleviate the ill effects of the transition.

But it is also of interest that the age at which the climacteric occurs varies among individuals of both sexes almost as greatly as does sexual capacity, persons of greater sexual health and vigor tending to enter the climacteric at a later age, and to live longer. Thus women in their seventies have been known to bear children, and, where subsequent records were available, were often shown to have been very long-lived. In men, the early onset of the climacteric and/or impotence is often a warning signal of senility and early death.

Perhaps the most famous example of a man who aged sexually with extreme rapidity was Napoleon, who—after extreme sexual activity during his earlier years—became totally sexless insofar as both desire and capacity were concerned. He died at the age of fifty-two. Malfunctioning of the pituitary gland—which among other things regulates the rate of production of sex hormones by the testes—is believed to have caused his excessive



early sex drive, his early impotence, and his early death.

Experiments with animals have shown that removal of the pituitary from a puppy, for example, results in failure of the animal to develop physically, sexually, and mentally; abnormal obesity, and premature aging and death. The parallelism between these effects and those caused in eunuchs by pre-adolescent castration is plain.

SIMILAR effects are caused in humans by excessive activity of the thymus gland, which is sometimes described as the "sexual timeclock." This small gland, located in the upper chest, has the important job of inhibiting the full development of secondary sex characteristics such as the growth of male body hair and a beard, change of voice pitch, and so on, until attainment of the age of puberty. If for some reason it goes awry, the person never matures completely, remains "young-old" throughout life, and dies at a relatively early age.

Like removal of the pituitary, removal of the thyroid results in failure to develop physically or sexually, premature aging and early

death. The thyroid, incidentally, is located in front of and straddling the windpipe.

The adrenal glands, located atop the kidneys, control the body's ability to relax and also to produce a supreme effort in case of emergency. They are also believed by some to help in the removal of poisons released in the muscles by heavy exertion. There is growing evidence, incidentally, that other of the endocrine glands aid in the neutralization of toxins—particularly in the intestinal tract—and thus retard the onset of senility.

It is obvious that some of these endocrines serve as "accelerators" and others as "inhibitors" of the sexual functions. And they must work in harmony to produce a well-functioning individual with above-average life expectancy. This point is brought out by Bogolomlets, who says: "A disturbance of the functioning of these glands causes . . . untimely wasting away, and sometimes a fatal autointoxication . . ."

Most biologists now associate youthful endocrine glands—including the gonads—with overall youthfulness and the promise of exceptional longevity. There is also overwhelming evidence that men

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and women of strong sexuality often live to great age. According to the great French physiologist Prof. Metchnikoff, for example, studies of a large number of men ranging from 94 to 104 years of age reveal that in a high proportion of cases these men were still extremely fertile. The Metchnikoff studies provide one of the most convincing proofs in medical literature of the close connection between the retention of potential reproductive capacity and potential longevity.

More and more medical science is coming to the conclusion that we are no older than our ductless

glands, including our sex glands. While factors other than glandular disturbances hasten the onset of premature old age—factors such as inadequate diet or an excessive and highly toxic diet, for example—our greatest clue to longevity may be found in the success with which we keep our ductless glands young.

And that is probably best done by observing all the basic rules for maximum good health. If we observe these rules, our ductless glands will also do their best to cooperate and keep us young for a long, long time.

THE END

THE STRANGE LOVE LIVES OF EUNUCHS

(Continued from page 19)

general in the service of the Byzantine emperor Justinian; Kafur Al Ikhsid, a Negro eunuch who was Sultan of Egypt in the 10th Century; the Chinese revolutionary Chao Kao who overthrew the Chin emperor and assumed the throne for himself; the great scholar and metaphysician Origen; Ssu-machien, the greatest of the ancient Chinese historians; and Tsi Lung, the inventor of paper. Hundreds of others might be mentioned.

Eunuchs can sometimes be extremely cruel. The most vicious was Agha Mohammed, who overthrew the Zend dynasty in Persia during the 18th Century and was responsible for the needless slaughter of thousands of persons. There is some evidence that he was originally an hermaphrodite—possessed of both male and female sexual systems—for history records that twenty-two years after castration he became pregnant and bore a child.

Very often eunuchs are abnormal mentally. Many are extremely malevolent and unscrupulous. Some are haughty and proud, others are meek and servile. Eunuchs may also suffer from severe melancholia, poor memory, irritability, impaired vision, nightmares, insomnia and irritations of the skin.

castrated, of whom three hundred died as a result of the use of crude instruments and the lack of proper septic conditions.

This high mortality rate does not matter to the unscrupulous purveyors of these mutilated males, since there is a steady demand for eunuchs and the prices paid are high. Eunuchs have always been the most valuable slaves. Though slavery has been abandoned in Egypt, many eunuchs are still employed as harem guards by wealthy conservative families, who obtain the eunuchs from the Sudan. In Ethiopia, the custom of castrating many of the young male slaves has not yet died out, and slavery is still openly practiced in some regions. As in Egypt, Ethiopian harems are still guarded by eunuchs, who are valued property.

Castration has also been employed by certain religious groups as an aid to male asceticism. Among these were the Valensians and—as recently as the 18th Century—the Russian Scopsie sect. Sometimes voluntary submission to mutilation went far beyond castration.

THE history of eunuchism is very ancient. It is probably derived from the gelding of cattle, sheep, pigs, and goats—which increased the size, strength, and docility of the animals and improved the flavor of their flesh. Until fairly recently the Caribs of Northeastern Brazil castrated their war prisoners and fattened them up for cannibalistic feasts—the only known

connection between cannibalism and eunuchism.

Records of eunuchs date back to 4,000 B.C. The servants of Nebuchadnezzar, the great Babylonian king, were all castrated prisoners of war. The very word eunuch is derived from the ancient Greek and means literally "one who has charge of the bedchamber."

At first, men intended for use as harem guards were castrated by removal of the testicles only, but it was soon discovered that they were virile. Total extirpation of the external genitals was gradually substituted for eunuchs who were to be associated with women.

Eunuchs, in addition to serving as harem guards and for purposes of prostitution, have been employed for centuries as stewards, chamberlains, scribes, and at other tasks—many, of them highly specialized. In the Moslem countries, they were never utilized in menial work, and were treated with great consideration because of the important and frequently confidential posts they held. They were even addressed by other slaves and members of the lower classes as "Aha" or "Lord."

The eunuchs had their own private organization, somewhat resembling a guild, whose leader was entitled to sit in the presence of the Pashas. Eunuchs guarded the great mosques; in a Cairo mosque, for example, the guardian of a holy relic—the supposed shirt of Mohammed—has always been a eunuch.

Many eunuchs who retained some portion of their protency have actually married, to the presumable satisfaction of themselves and their wives.

When surgical eunuchism will become a practice of the past is a difficult question to answer. In the East, the profits from the creation—and sale—of eunuchs are still enormous. Many young boys submit to castration voluntarily, since they are assured of a future of comparative luxury. Often parents abandon male children who are abnormal—as, for instance, hermaphrodites or boys whose male characteristics have failed to develop—and these unfortunates frequently fall into the hands of eunuch-slavers, who see to it that they are castrated.

Though slow, progress toward the alleviation of this evil has been steady. The harems and the eunuch guards are becoming things of the past. Slavery is being vastly circumscribed. The time, let us hope, will not be far distant when the eunuch will be obsolete.

THE END



M/Sgt.

Harold E. Wilson, USMCR
Medal of Honor



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Bullets wounded his head and leg; disabled both arms. Refusing aid, he crawled, bleeding, from man to man, supplying ammunition, directing fire, helping the wounded.

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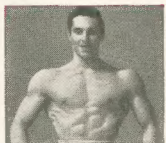
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